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CARPE DIEM.

Ah, Jennie, dear, 'tis half a year
 Since we sang late and long, my love;
 As home o'er dusky fields we came,
 While Venus lit her tender flame
 In silent plains above.

I scarcely knew if rain or dew
 Had made the grass so fresh and sweet;
 I only felt the misty gloom
 Was filled with scent of hidden bloom
 That bent beneath our feet.

In songs we tried our hearts to hide,
 And each to crush a voiceless pain.
 With bitter force my love returned,
 But dared not hope that passion burned
 Where once it met disdain.

Thus singing still we reached the hill,
 And on it faced a breeze of June;
 White rolled the mist along the lea;
 But Eastward flashed a throbbing sea
 Beneath the rising moon.

Your lips apart, as if your heart
 Had something it would say to mine,
 I saw you with your dreamy glance
 Far sent, in some delicious trance,
 Beyond the silver shine.

The hour supreme, that in my dream
 Should bring me bliss for aye, was come;
 But though my heart was fit to break,
 The scornful words that once you spake
 Smote all its pleadings dumb.

No note or word the silence stirred,
 As we resumed our homeward tread;
 Below we heard the cattle browse,
 And wakeful birds within the boughs
 Move softly overhead.

The hour was late when at the gate
 We lingered ere we spake adieu;
 Your white hand plucked from near the door
 A lily's queenly cup, and tore
 Each waxen leaf in two.

My hope grew bold, and I had told
 Anew my love, my fate had known;
 But then a quick Good Night I heard,
 A sudden whirring like a bird,
 And there I stood alone.

Thus love-bereft my heart was left,
 At swinging of that cruel door;
 So shut the gates of Paradise
 On timid fools who dare not twice
 Ask bliss denied before.

Yes, Jenny dear, 'tis half a year;
 But all my doubts, my fears are flown;
 For did I not on yesternight
 Read once again your love aright,
 And dare proclaim my own? — *Transcript.*

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

"Abide in Me, and I in you."

THAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord!
 Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
 Weary of striving and with longing faint,
 I breathe it back again, O Lord! to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee,
 From this good hour, Oh! leave me never
 more.
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be
 healed,
 The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me — o'ershadow by Thy love
 Each half-formed purpose and deep thought
 of sin;
 Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
 And keep my soul as Thine, pure and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
 Pervades it with a fragrance not its own —
 So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soil
 All heaven's sweetness seems round it thrown.

The soul *alone*, like a neglected harp,
 Grows out of tune, and needs Thy hand
 Divine;
 Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the
 chords
 Till every note and string shall answer
 Thine.

Abide in me: there have been moments pure
 When I have seen Thy face, and felt Thy
 power;
 Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed,
 Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare:
 Abide in me — and they shall ever be;
 I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
 Come and abide in me, and I in Thee!

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Report of the Assistant-Secretary to the Navy on the Attempt to relieve Fort Sumter in 1861.* New York: 1865.
2. *Reports of the Secretary for the Navy, with Appendices.* Washington: 1861-5.
3. *Diary of the War for Separation.* Vicksburg: 1862.
4. *Reports on the Fall of New Orleans presented to the Confederate Congress.* Richmond: 1862.

'To overcome the dangers springing from so formidable an insurrection, three results must be obtained. The shores of the Seceding States must be effectively blockaded; the course of the Mississippi and the whole water-system of the West must be mastered; finally, the rebellious Government must be driven from Richmond, its chosen capital.' Such were the broad outlines (as traced by the Prince de Joinville's clear pen) of the great task which lay before the forces of the Union at the outbreak of the war five years ago. Plainly as he pointed out in his 'Campagne du Potomac' the inherent weakness of the Federal military system, and the manifold imperfections of the volunteer armies which it placed in the field, it is not to be supposed that his prevision, or that of any other single observer, reached through the long vista of the chequered struggle to come. Battles, sieges, marches lay before these armies surpassing in interest—even as mere military examples—all that the world has seen since the fall of Napoleon. Nor are fit chroniclers wanting to them. Each week seems to add to our knowledge of the campaigns in America. Grant has issued carefully elaborate reports, excusing or condemning in detail each of his subordinates. Sherman's friends are many, and thoroughly determined not to let their hero's reputation rust. Lee is himself said to be preparing the history of his great defence of the capitol of the late Confederacy. All over Europe military writers use American strategy for a text, with commentaries as varied as their nationality, knowledge, and candour.

It is manifest, however, that the mass of works thus produced do not cover the whole of the subject. The important part borne by the American navy in the contest; its absolute performance of the first portion of the task indicated in our opening lines; the powerful share taken by it in the river campaigns which cut the Seceding States in twain; the vast weight due to its exertions in the final successes of the

Federal Generals, have been but little noticed as compared to the din and shock of the great battles with which the New World rang. Yet nothing is more surprising in this great contest—no military, political, or financial success has more completely defied expectation, prophecy, and precedent—than the work wrought by this arm of the Union forces; and wrought by it in the very process of creation out of actual nonentity.

European journals have not failed to make occasional comments on the Reports of the Secretary of the American Navy. Yet out of the United States few persons are aware of the extreme penury of resources with which that officer and his chief, the new President, had to contend, when the terrible fact of the unavoidable contest burst upon them. Even in America the full truth of the difficulties which, in this one department alone, beset the Cabinet of Lincoln, has only of late been made known by the publication of documents which, for personal motives, it had been designed to withhold. An attack upon the political reputation of Mr. Seward, made some months after the actual close of the contest, first brought to light incidentally the full particulars of the failure to relieve Fort Sumter in April in 1861, the papers concerning which had been once laid before the Senate, but suppressed by that body. The report of Captain Fox (now Assistant-Secretary of the Navy), the principal actor in the affair, reveals in vivid colours the destitute condition of the department at the breaking out of the war, and the shifting nature of the counsels which prevailed at Washington in the first dread of provoking actual conflict. This officer, who had left the navy for private employment before the era of Secession, was one of many bold and active spirits who flocked back to the public service of the Union when its existence was endangered. Events so vast as to afford a field for the most daring and energetic of the sons of the North were at hand, and were partly foreseen by the more clear-sighted of her politicians, though none fathomed fully their mighty scope and the great results to follow.

On the 9th of January, 1861, the 'Star of the West,' chartered to carry supplies to Fort Sumter, was turned back by shots from Morris Island, the first hostile missiles of the civil war, proclaimed by this outrage on the Federal flag. Captain Fox, being then in New York, and well acquainted with the approaches to Charleston, lost no time in laying before certain eminent merchants of strong Union principles his views

as to the possibility of relieving the garrison, and the dishonour which would be justly merited by the Government, unless immediate measures were taken to fulfil this sacred duty.' Into the details of his proposal it is not necessary to enter here. So much effect did his vehemence and energy exercise on the hearers, that one of them, Mr. Marshall, undertook to furnish and provision the necessary vessels forthwith. Whilst these preparations were made, the authorities at Washington were communicated with; and on the 6th of February Captain Fox was present at the capital, summoned by a telegram from General Scott. Next day his plan was fully discussed in the presence of Mr. Buchanan; but the simple vacillation of the latter was (as his own confessions indicate) changed into downright weakness when news arrived on the following morning that the Seceding States had actually proceeded to the election of a President of their own. 'I called upon General Scott,' says Captain Fox, 'and he intimated to me that probably no effort would be made to relieve Fort Sumter. He seemed much disappointed and astonished; I therefore returned to New York on the 9th of February.' Nor can we wonder at the retiring President's hopeless view of the case, when we learn from Mr. Welles's first Report that the number of seamen officially under the control of the Navy Department in the first week of March amounted to *less than 300 on home service*, with a proportionately low supply of stores! This weakness was, however, in the main ostensible only; for even the few incidents already referred to show what a fund of energy private will could supply, and what wealth of means private resources could create when the spirit of the Northern States should be fairly aroused to grapple with the crisis of their fate.

That crisis was rapidly approaching. The day of compromises and expedients ceased with Buchanan; and his successor Mr. Lincoln was no sooner installed in the seat of peril, when the naval enterprise which had been at first rejected was again entertained.

'On the 12th of March (continues Captain Fox) I received a telegram to come to Washington, and I arrived there on the 13th. Mr. Blair [the Postmaster-General] having been acquainted with the proposition I presented to General Scott under Mr. Buchanan's administration, had sent for me to tender the same to Mr. Lincoln. . . .

'Finding there was great opposition to any attempt at relieving Fort Sumter, and that Mr.

Blair alone sustained the President in his policy of refusing to yield, I judged that my arguments in favour of the practicability of sending in supplies would be strengthened by a visit to Charleston and the Fort.'

The visit paid at some personal risk, the adventurer returned to Washington, where his chief difficulties were still the objections made to his scheme by General Scott and other military authorities. In reply to these, Captain Fox, with a touch of the natural jealousy of the ex-naval officer, 'maintained the proposition, and suggested that it was a naval plan, and should be decided by naval officers.'

Dismissed by the President with verbal instructions, Captain Fox is again found at New York in consultation with his merchant friends, 'and making preliminary arrangements for the voyage.' At these interviews, no doubt, was laid the foundation of that new naval system to be created through private agency for the public service, which may be considered one of the most remarkable products of the great Civil War.

Undaunted by the withdrawal from the project of his first ally, Mr. Marshall, who thought 'that the people had made up their minds to abandon Sumter, and make their stand upon Fort Pickens,' Captain Fox pressed his project forward by another visit to the President. 'Delays which belong to the secret history of the time'—in plainer words, the irresolution of the majority of Lincoln's advisers, and its effect upon their chief—

'prevented a decision until the afternoon of the 4th of April, when the President sent for me, and said that he had decided to let the expedition go, and that . . . I should best fulfil my duty to my country to make the attempt. The Secretary of the Navy had in commission, in the Atlantic waters of the United States, only the "Powhattan," "Pocahontas," and "Pawnee;" all these he placed at my disposal, as well as the revenue steamer "Harriet Lane," and directed me to give all the necessary orders.'

In addition to this squadron, Mr. Aspinwall, of New York, offered the large steamer 'Baltic' to carry the needful provisions and stores. Three tug-boats were also hired; but upon the arrival of the 'Powhattan' (the only steam-vessel of frigate class then available), which was to carry the armed launches and the sailors for manning them, depended the actual execution of the plan of Captain Fox, as he intimates plainly in his account of the failure which ensued.

On the 8th of April the 'Baltic' sailed from New York, the frigate having left two days before her. Captain Fox, with the former, made the rendezvous off Charleston before daybreak on the 12th; and three hours later, the sound of heavy guns told that the attack on Major Anderson was begun. The small party of officers with Captain Fox watched with anxious eyes the engagement in which they had hoped to take a part; but the weather was rough and their means for landing in the night (the pith of their design) totally inadequate, as were those of the 'Pawnee' and 'Harriet Lane.' A heavy gale along the coast fully accounted for the non-appearance of the tug-boats; but the 'Powhatan' was looked for all day, and through the night signals thrown up. It was not until the next morning—that of the surrender of the fort—that Captain Fox first learnt that the frigate had been carried off to another service by still higher orders than those of the Secretary of the Navy under which he had sailed. The instructions of Mr. Welles to her captain, Mercer (who was to act as senior naval officer), were issued in elaborate detail on the 5th of April, the morning after the President's promise to Fox that the expedition should sail. That in this promise the 'Powhatan' was specifically included does not appear; but that both Mr. Welles and Captain Fox *so understood it* is perfectly clear, although this all-important ship (as they considered it) was in reality already secretly engaged by Lincoln for another service!

Whilst Fox had been pressing forward his project for the relief of Sumpter, Captain Meigs of the Engineers (since much distinguished for his services as Quartermaster-General) had been not less urgent with the President to attempt the reinforcement of the troops at Fort Pickens, the key to Pensacola Harbour. This port was so weakly garrisoned as to be subject to surprise from Bragg's force on the mainland; and yet of itself it was known to be far more susceptible of defence than Fort Sumter. Whether the merely military view of the question; or the advice of Mr. Seward who favoured this project; or the secret belief of the President that the fall of Fort Sumter was of more political value than the holding it to the Federal cause, prevailed in Lincoln's decision over the arguments of Fox, is not at this time clear. A consolatory letter addressed soon afterwards to the latter by the President concludes its compliments with a remarkable expression, which seem to justify the belief that the failure to relieve and

consequent surrender of Anderson were events which his superior foresaw without much reluctance. The paragraph runs thus:—

'For a daring and dangerous enterprise of a similar character, you would, to-day, be the man, of all my acquaintances, whom I would select. You and I both anticipated that the cause of the country would be advanced by making the attempt to provision Fort Sumter, *even if it should fail.*'

Whatever were the cause, the President chose rather to sacrifice his failing hold on Charleston harbour than give up the fort at Pensacola. So small was the degree of confidence at that time reposed in his own officials, that Mr. Welles remained in complete ignorance of the new design, and was suffered (as we have seen) to issue instructions which secret and imperious orders from his chief set aside. When the 'Powhatan' was ready for sea and about to quit New York, Lieutenant D. D. Porter of the navy and Captain Meigs stepped on board; and the former, producing the President's sign-manual authorising the proceeding, assumed command of the frigate and diverted her course to the Gulf of Mexico.

'It was not,' says Captain (now General) Meigs, in a recently published account, 'without some hesitation that Captain Mercer gave up the ship. The positive order of the President detaching him and placing Lieutenant Porter in command, overruled the order of the Navy Department. The conflict was the result of the secrecy with which the whole business was conducted, and to that secrecy, in a great measure, was due the relief of Fort Pickens, and the retention of this finest harbour in the South by the United States.'

Besides preserving the control of the harbour of Pensacola (which the Union forces never from that time found difficulty in holding), Porter and his coadjutors were enabled on their way to save the islands of Key West and the Tortugas from yielding to the State authorities of Florida. So rapid and complete was their success, that the first news of it was brought back by Captain Meigs himself, up to the time of whose arrival the destination of the 'Powhatan,' and of the steam transport 'Atlantic' which had accompanied her, was unknown to any save the President and the officers who executed the design.

The excuse of Lincoln (as made by General Meigs) for keeping Mr. Welles and Captain Fox in ignorance that their project

for the relief of Sumter must give way to the operation so brilliantly executed at Fort Pickens, lay in the difference of the local circumstances. The latter place was far more open to assault by escalade from a boating expedition than the former: and the least breath of the true destination of the 'Powhatan' might, if communicated by telegraph to Jefferson Davis, have produced an instant order to Bragg to seize the work, which his superior force could certainly then have done. No such intelligence or orders were transmitted: and Bragg, with whose vacillation and weakness the misfortunes of the Confederate arms are largely identified,* was not of a character to take upon himself the responsibility of commencing active hostilities. His opportunity passed from him when the 'Powhatan' and her convoy were once allowed to enter boldly in and reinforce the threatened work.

Allowing the truth of all this, and the general importance of Pensacola, it is difficult to conceive that the success of Porter could have compensated Mr. Welles and his adviser for the practical abandonment of their counter project. It is not surprising that in his first Report—that of July 1861—the Secretary of the Navy makes no allusion to an achievement, the conception of which had been kept secret from him; nor that Captain Fox appears to have long harboured a very bitter feeling against Mr. Seward, to whose personal advice he attributed the President's decision. We are not here concerned with the personal or party aspect of the question, but have brought this, the first episode of the naval warfare in America, prominently forward; partly for the light it throws on the political chaos out of which so much energy, valour, and statesmanship was to be born; partly for the picture it affords of the extraordinary want of any ready means by which the Government of the Union could assert its authority. The Congress adjourning without providing any men or material to meet the threatened danger: the fleet so reduced that but one steam-frigate could be found to execute all the designs the President might have for the control of the Seceding ports: a Secretary of the Navy so new to his trust that it was thought necessary to keep from him the knowledge of the orders sent to his own de-

partment: a lieutenant sent with secret orders to supersede the post-captain on the deck of his own ship, and at the hour of his departure on an important service: expeditions involving civil war urged on the Government by private citizens, who yet made their aid dependent on the undeclared will of the people; such were some of the strange circumstances which surrounded the Executive of the Great Republic in the day when its power by land and sea seemed rent in twain. Never—if war must come—had a commercial State more need of a navy. Never were the apparent difficulties of creating one greater; for many of the merchant princes of the North inclined (as has been shown in one striking instance) to take a more lukewarm view of the Union cause when its defence seemed to threaten danger to their foreign trade, than in the first moments of excitement before the cost was fully counted.

Lincoln, however, was more fortunate in his Cabinet. Neither he nor any of his advisers shrank from the mere magnitude of the duties thronging on them, nor lacked that faith in their cause which should hereafter carry the whole North with it to a triumphant end. Mr. Welles swallowed manfully enough the mortification he had felt, and applied himself with diligence to the vast task before him; while Captain Fox was soon to find that the President's expressions of satisfaction with his conduct in the Sumter affair were no mere perfunctory commendations. An Assistant-Secretary of the Navy was one of the first additional offices recommended for the sanction of the new Congress; and on the approval of that body being obtained to this addition to the now important bureau, the appointment was at once conferred on Captain Fox, who held it until the war was brought to a successful end. No better selection could have been made. The happy combination he possessed of cultivated professional knowledge with close experience of the details of the Northern shipping trade, enabled him, in a degree to which perhaps no other man could have attained, to utilise the resources of the latter for the supply of the vast deficiencies existing in the department of which throughout the struggle he held practical charge.

How great these deficiencies were appears sufficiently in the first Report of Mr. Welles, made before the appointment of his energetic and able coadjutor. There is a brevity and frankness about the bare statements in this paper, which contrasts not unfavourably with the more laboured narratives of the work achieved by the department in

* Officers lately high in command in the Confederate armies charge this general with not merely wasting the whole fruits of the victory of Chickamauga, but with leaving Stuart unsupported on the day of his death before Richmond; and, above all, with the loss of Wilmington—left unscoured by his fatal irresolution.

those which came later. Forty-two ships in commission, with a complement of 7,600 men, formed the active fleet of the United States at the accession of Lincoln; and while thirty of these were absent on foreign stations, four only of the remainder, manned by 280 sailors, constituted the exact force left in the harbours of the States, adhering to the Union.

But more serious still was the dissaffection among the naval officers, a far larger proportion of whom than in the army sympathised to the full with the objects of Secession. It was found possible at a later time to fill the posts of the 260 who resigned their commissions with volunteers, who, like Captain Fox, had been brought up to the service. But before this could be done, one of the principal naval depôts, the yard at Norfolk, had fallen into hostile hands. In it was a large steam-frigate, the 'Merrimack,' now nearly complete, which the Confederates on the hasty evacuation of the place, succeeded in saving from the flames when some lesser vessels perished. Possessing thus at least one formidable vessel of war, they forthwith proceeded, with an ingenuity which made up for the limited means at their command to convert her into such an invincible iron-clad as might hope to defy all the fleets of the North. To the foresight and activity of Captain Fox it was due that this design was foiled in the end, by the counter measures adopted at his instance.

Before his official appointment as assistant to Mr. Welles, that statesman had in this Report brought the subject of iron-clad vessels before the Houses of Congress; and a vote of a million and a half of dollars being granted for the purpose of obtaining experimental models, three of those submitted were speedily selected for practical trial. The first of the ships thus ordered was the 'Iron-sides' — a steam-sloop armoured throughout with 4½-inch plates, and designed to carry eight of the Dahlgren 11-inch hollow-shot guns, up to that time the heaviest piece known in the navy. The next was the famous invention of Captain Ericsson, the 'Monitor,' the first ship built with a revolving turret. The principles of her construction were (as is universally known) altogether new in the history of naval architecture, and on their general scope it is not needful here to dwell. Plated very imperfectly, slow, and dangerously unseaworthy, inferior even in armament to her successors (her two guns being 11-inch, one of theirs always 15-inch), she yet, by her prompt preparation, and opportune dispatch to the

Chesapeake, arrived to do the State such service in her single harbour action as few vessels of the longest sea-going history can claim. The 'Galena,' the third model selected, seems to have been a humble and cheap imitation of the 'Monitor,' intended for river service, but on trial she proved incapable of facing heavy shore batteries, and therefore of little practical use to the department.

Undeterred by the sneers of the numerous critics, who prophesied that the 'Monitor' would never float, or if floating could never venture beyond Sandy Hook, the inventor and his employer with equal eagerness pressed her to completion. Such confidence did Fox and Ericsson inspire in Mr. Welles as the 'Floating Iron Battery' (her first official name) drew near completion, that the Secretary, before the time of actual test arrived, applied for and obtained, with a little gentle pressure, a special vote from Congress for twenty more iron-clad gunboats, the greater part of which were ordered to be constructed at once on the 'Monitor' principle. This was, however, some months later than the Report we are considering (that of July 1861), which touched only, as has been said, on the question of armoured ships as one for experiment. The additions already made to the strength of the navy in the first four months of Mr. Welles's charge are detailed in it, and comprised, besides 8 steam-sloops sanctioned by the previous Congress, 12 large steamers bought, and 9 more hired from the merchant service, to be fitted for war purposes with from 2 to 9 guns each. Much of the Report is devoted to an apology for the responsibility assumed by the Secretary in making this provision, and in ordering from private yards 23 gunboats of about 500 tons each — measures which are especially justified by a reference to the violence committed at Norfolk on the naval property of the Union, and to the insurrection against the Washington authorities of the people of Baltimore. It is evident that Mr. Welles was yet in some uncertainty as to the support the Cabinet might receive in their vigorous action — an uncertainty at once removed by the prompt approval of the Congress specially summoned to decide whether the Union was to be saved by war.

In the next Report (that of December 1861) it is vain to look for any great progress beyond that shown by returns of expenditure, purchase, and enlistment. With the exception of the disastrous campaign ending at Bull's Run, the autumn of this year was chiefly spent by the North in gathering up her strength by land and sea for

that great war which she now saw plainly must be passed through if the Union was to be saved. Critics there were in abundance, at home and abroad, ready to denounce the expenditure as profligate, and the hope of reconquest as visionary. Yet every month added to the majority who supported Congress in their resolution to place the national forces on a thoroughly serviceable footing; and Captain Fox and his superior availed themselves to the full of the grants made for their department. Supplemental estimates for five millions of our money had been submitted in the Summer Session, and sanctioned without delay; so that now, in addition to the engaging, by special bounties, a respectable number of seamen, 121 more vessels had been purchased from merchants and converted into transports or vessels of war, in addition to 52 begun or actually completed in the yards, or under special contracts—the greater part by the latter means. Of the old navy the number of vessels brought into service was 76; but one half of these were sailing-vessels, unsuited to the new exigencies of the service. It had already become evident that the proclamation of blockade, without an abundant use of steam-power, would have proved a nullity; while the capture now reported of 153 vessels attempting to break it, proved the wisdom of (we quote from Mr. Welles's fuller description in a later Report) 'the steps which were promptly taken to recall our foreign squadrons, and to augment our navy by repairing and fitting, as expeditiously as possible, every available vessel, by rapidly constructing as many steamers as could be built at our navy-yards, and by employing, to the extent that we could procure materials, engines and machinery, the resources of the country in adding others from private ship-yards.'

The Confederates in the meanwhile had not been idle in their efforts to distract their enemies in the work of cutting off the Seceding States from all efficient aid from abroad. In hopes of drawing off some part of the blockaders, the Confederate President had, at the first sound of hostilities, begun to issue letters of marque. The first privateer which went forth under his authority, the 'Savannah,' fell speedily into the hands of the Federals, and her crew, by an act which now appears one of unjustifiable terrorism, were for some months treated as pirates. This severity did not prevent her being succeeded speedily by the 'Sumter,' an armed barque, whose captain, Semmes, first set the example of that destruction of Federal property at sea which has done so

much to complicate future questions of naval warfare. The fear of the new Federal steam-fleet soon drove her to take refuge in Gibraltar, where her commander and crew finally abandoned her. But a more formidable danger to Federal commerce appeared in the 'Nashville,' a large steamer fitted originally for war purposes at Charleston. Having successfully run the blockade in October, she made her way by the West Indies across the Atlantic, and created a burst of indignant outcry in the North by destroying a large trading vessel, the 'Harvey Birch,' just before she ran into Southampton Water. Hither she was swiftly tracked and thenceforward watched by the 'Tuscarora,' one of the formidable steamships brought into Federal service during the nine months past.

On the whole, however, the year 1861 had given but little opportunity to show whether the American navy, under the new conditions, would prove equal to its former reputation. The validity of its blockade, the one work really accomplished, was questioned daily in the foreign press, whose critics—swayed often by national or party prejudice—measured it by the notorious number of escapes rather than by its practical effects upon the South. Yet as we now look coolly back, it is evident that the marine department of the Union forces had done more during this period of general girding for the strife than the administration of the sister service. It is true that masses of volunteers were accepted for the army and placed in camp: but until Bull's Run had been lost, not the smallest attempt was made to give them consistency and value by a working staff; nor were the efforts of McClellan, Halleck, and others for that end honestly seconded, until new and greater disasters taught wisdom to the President and his successive Secretaries for War.

Passing forward another year in our review we find more conspicuous successes obtained by the energy of Mr. Welles's able assistant than perhaps even he had dreamed of when the mantle of office fell on him in a fortunate hour for the Union. The general result of his energetic exertions, and of the support and confidence he received from the President and Mr. Welles, is best given in the words of the latter's Report of the 4th December, 1862:—

'We have at this time afloat or progressing to rapid completion a naval force consisting of 427 vessels, there having been added to those of the old navy enumerated in my report of July 1861, exclusive of those that were lost, 363 vessels,

armed in the aggregate with 1,577 guns and of the capacity of 240,028 tons.

The annals of the world do not show so great an increase in so brief a period to the naval power of any country. It affords me satisfaction to state that the acquisitions made to the navy from the commercial marine have proved to be of an excellent character, and though these vessels were not built for war purposes, and consequently have not the strength of war vessels, they have performed all the service that was expected of them.

Some exceptions may hereafter be made to this broad statement; but the history of the Navy had now become largely the history of the War, and it is necessary to survey its achievements a little more in detail, in order to see how great a share it had already taken in determining the course of events.

Of the important mixed expeditions of the American War, the earliest and one of the most successful was that directed in January 1862, against the vast inner waters of the North Carolina coast, known as Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. Attempts to blockade these effectually in 1861 had proved the necessity of seizing the possession of points within, in order to avoid the alternative of keeping a squadron to watch each passage between the sandbanks which divide them from the Atlantic. A determined effort to master the Sounds was therefore projected before the close of the year; and on the 13th January, 1862, Flag-officer Goldsborough's squadron of 17 steamers of light draught, carrying altogether 48 guns, appeared off Hatteras Inlet, the chief entrance. Under their convoy came a numerous flotilla of transports with 10,000 soldiers under General Burnside. So narrow and intricate was the channel to be passed that the whole of the troop-ships were not carried in until the 4th of February; and the following morning found the expedition at last moving slowly against Roanoke Island, which separates the two Sounds, and is the key of both. This was protected by a garrison of 2,500 men, and by a flotilla of seven small gunboats drawn up behind a barricade of piles and sunken vessels. On the 7th, the attacking squadron, under the immediate charge of Commander Rowan, had got within range of the defenders' batteries, and after a five hours' engagement at long range, silenced the latter and drove the covering gunboats off. The troops were landed the same evening; and their advance next day, though made with all the uncertainty inherent in the attack by recruits of an un-

known enemy in a wooded position, soon put Burnside into possession of the feeble works of the Confederates, the chief part of whom, to the number of 2,400, surrendered with their general.

Rowan forced a way for his squadron through the barricade the same day, destroying one of the Confederate gunboats and driving the rest northward across Albemarle Sound. Thither he at once pursued them, and early on the morning of the 10th attacked them in the creek called Pasquotank River, where they had taken refuge under protection of a small shore-battery. The contest was over in a few minutes, the Confederates abandoning and firing their steamers, one only of which was saved by the victors. The conquest of Newbern, Washington, and the minor posts accessible by water from each Sound, followed as a matter of course from these successes of the expedition. The honours devolved chiefly on Burnside, who gained by personal activity, wherever his troops were landed for action, a deserved credit which proved the speedy stepping-stone to that high command where he made such utter shipwreck of his reputation. The navy, however, had shown sufficiently its great importance in the joint operations; and its officers justified by their confident execution of their orders the care and expenditure by which their service had been already made so superior to that opposed to it.

A squadron, detached by Commodore Dupont from the South Atlantic fleet, about the same time, while reconnoitring the mouth of the Savannah River, was attacked by five small gunboats under Commodore Tatnall,* but repulsed him after a short fight, and drove him under cover of his forts. From Beaufort as a base Dupont with ease recovered the small Federal forts on the coast of Florida, and spread terror up the numerous inlets of the Sea Islands by his light steamers; and later in the spring a portion of his command gave General Gillmore in the siege of Fort Pulaski the same hearty co-operation by service in the shore-batteries as our own Naval Brigade under the gallant Peel afforded to the Allied armies in the Crimea.

The greatest success, as a purely naval operation, of the whole war—the greatest in naval history since Exmouth's victory at Algiers—was that achieved in the course of this spring at the mouth of the Mississippi.

* The same who endeared himself to Englishmen by his prompt assistance to our wounded in the Felho disaster.

Captain Farragut,* whom Welles had specially selected as fitted by his resolute character to take charge of the active operations in that quarter, arrived at the scene of action on the 20th of February. The Western Gulf Squadron, hitherto under command of McKean, had been gradually increased from a few blockading vessels to a powerful fleet of 6 steam-frigates and 12 large gunboats. To these a flotilla of 20 bomb-vessels under Porter (raised to commander's rank for his earlier services) was added by the 18th of March. But the obstacles to be overcome were of the most formidable character. Two strong forts, Jackson on the west bank, St. Philip on the east, were connected by a huge boom of rafts and hulks, the approach to which, to be made against a powerful current, they swept with the fire of 80 guns, and seemed thus to bar wholly the way up the stream. Above this obstruction a flotilla of gunboats was ready to support the fire of the works; and iron-clad rams were known to have been some time in preparation in order to employ in the coming warfare that use of the blow of the prow disused for so many centuries, but now revived by the power of steam.

The first attempt of this kind in modern history had been already made off one of the mouths of the river by Commodore Hollins of the Confederate service in the previous October, when he had attacked and driven off a blockading squadron with the ram 'Manassas,' a small river-steamer plated rudely with railroad iron. Thus early in the war, however, the means of the Confederates proved unequal to the carrying out their bold designs. The shock of the ram fell partly, as it happened, on a coaling schooner alongside the steamer 'Richmond,' the vessel attacked; and although the latter was considerably damaged, she was not reduced to a sinking condition, whilst the ram suffered so much in her machinery as to be disabled from continuing the contest. A further attempt on the same occasion to destroy the alarmed blockaders with the fire-barges failed also, the

former succeeding in drifting out of the way of the danger. Hollins then drew off without any practical advantage gained beyond the prestige established in favour of the dashing mode of warfare which he has the credit of being the first to revive, and which the fleet of Farragut had to prepare for as one of the most dangerous obstacles to their enterprise.

The navy were from the first designed to bear the labour and reap the honour of the capture of New Orleans unsupported; although General Butler, with 18,000 men, was despatched to the scene of action. It may be that the fatal example of Pakenham's defeat in his attempt to reach the city by land influenced the arrangements of Welles and Fox. Certain it is that their instructions to Farragut set aside all thought of active use of the troops in the attack. Their simple wording ran (after some preliminary details) thus:—

'When you are completely ready . . . you will proceed up the Mississippi River, and reduce the defences which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you. . . . As you have expressed yourself perfectly satisfied with the force given to you, and as many more powerful vessels will be added before you can commence operations, the department and the country will require of you success.'

Such success might have been all but impossible had the Confederate resistance been as perfectly organised as at the time was believed. A full knowledge of the truth—now easily gained from the official reports laid before the Richmond Congress—shows not only that much was left undone in the way of material preparation on the side of the Confederates, but that their commanders were wanting in the unity, vigour, and activity opposed to them by their formidable assailants.

Farragut's earliest reports refer chiefly to the transport of the needful supplies, and to the steps taken for carrying the larger steamers over the bar. The difficulties here encountered were greater than had been anticipated, and it was only on the 8th of April that the frigates were completely brought over the obstacle, with the exception of the heaviest, the 'Colorado,' which it was found impossible to tow through the mud-banks, however she was lightened. The rest had then to be fully armed and coaled; and in the meanwhile the whole

* An Act passed in December 1861 permitted the President to select any captain or commander for the charge of a fleet with the title of Flag-officer, and rank equal to that of the old American commodore. Farragut's victory and the services of Foote on the rivers became just pleas for the creation in the following summer of the grade of rear-admiral, hitherto not admitted in the American marine. Four officers were at first thus raised to permanent rank, viz. Farragut, Foote, Goldsborough and Dupont; but the President continued to exercise his right of selection, and those appointed by him were now styled acting rear-admirals.

squadron was fitted for the coming conflict, under orders previously prepared by the flag-officer with elaborate care to meet the various contingencies of a battle fought in the contracted space of a river's width. The mere issuing of instructions was by no means the limit of Farragut's care for his command. Imitating, perhaps unconsciously, the scrupulous anxiety of Nelson before the victory of the Nile, he visited every vessel under his flag, and saw that the commander personally comprehended his own share in the work. Thus, too, he was enabled (as his detailed report discovers) to utilise such suggestions as the ingenuity of individuals offered. The first of these was by the engineer of the 'Richmond,' who proposed that the sheet-cables should be stopped up and down the sides in the line of the engines—a plan which was immediately adopted by all the vessels. Then each commander made his own arrangement for preventing the shot from penetrating the boilers or machinery, by hammocks, coal, bags of ashes, bags of sand, clothes-bags, and, in fact, every device imaginable. The bulwarks were lined with hammocks by some, by splinter nettings made with ropes by others. Some rubbed their vessels over with mud, to make their ships less visible, and some whitewashed their decks, to make things more visible during the fight, for the actual conflict was to take place in the night.

Whilst thus consulting in person with his captains, all of whose opinions Farragut declares himself to have heard, that of Commander Porter was listened to with a deference corresponding to his important charge and the reputation he had already gained, rather than to his relative rank. In his General Order of the 20th of April the flag-officer freely avows this, and declares himself to be about to essay an attack which was a combination of two modes suggested by that able and daring officer. The forts were at all risks to be run past in the dark, and the troops to be left behind until a sufficient naval force to protect them was in the river above at a point (called the Quarantine) near to which they might be conveyed by a shallow creek which turned the Confederate main works. The latter could then be effectually besieged, whilst the bulk of the joint forces moved up along the stream, prepared to operate further by land or water according to the means of resistance—as yet unknown—which the enemy possessed. This project was in the end not executed in its integrity, because, the forts once passed, opposition

practically ceased. The assault was precluded by a bombardment from Porter's heavy mortars. After careful reconnaissance that officer had towed his flotilla within range of the works by the morning of the 18th April, and the work of destruction began by their throwing that day nearly 3,000 large shells about the heads of the garrison.

Those who have wondered at the success obtained at New Orleans need do so no more when they contrast the completeness of the Federal preparations, and the vigour and decision with which Farragut at the proper moment went to work, with the counsels and inefficient armaments opposed to them by the Confederates. On the 27th of March, General Duncan, a well-known artilleryist, who personally commanded the defences, became aware that the enemy's fleet was crossing the bars. Both he and his superior, General Lovell, had previously anticipated this, and had made urgent and repeated applications for a change of armament at the forts, the guns in which were but old 32 and 42-pounders, justly held to be unfit for repelling the steam fleet which threatened the place; whilst a second line of works nearer to the city mounted but twelve of the former pieces, having been stripped even of the latter 'at the urgent request of the naval authorities,' who wished to use this part of the armament on some gunboats fitting for defence of the creeks. How this most serious mistake of not supplying proper ordnance arose from underrating the imminence of the danger on the river side, appears plainly from General Lovell's Reports. We quote his own words at some length, not only for this end, but to show how early in the war the Confederate naval authorities had turned their attention to the use of iron-clad vessels, of which two large specimens, intended both for ramming and carrying guns in shot-proof batteries, were being prepared at New Orleans. Happily for the success of the Union fleet, the mechanical means which their foes controlled were by no means equal to their powers of conception. This deficiency produced continual delay; whilst the readiness of Fox and Farragut was so far beyond that anticipated by their professional opponents, that the iron-clads (originally designed for the 1st of February) were found unprepared for use when the Federal fleet three months later, burst its way through to the fated city.

'Immediately (says General Lovell) after I assumed command of the department, find-

ing there were no guns of the heaviest calibre, I applied to Richmond, Pensacola, and other points, for some 10-inch columbiads and sea-coast mortars, which I considered necessary to the defence of the lower river; but none could be spared, the general impression being that New Orleans would not be attacked by the river; and I was therefore compelled to make the best possible defence with the guns at my disposal. Twelve 42 pounders were sent to Forts Jackson and St. Philip, together with a large additional quantity of powder; and being convinced that with the guns or inferior calibre mounted there we could not hinder steamers from passing, unless they could be detained for some time under the fire of the works, I pushed forward rapidly the construction of a raft which offered a complete obstruction to the passage of vessels. The forts had eighty guns that could be brought successively to bear upon the river, were manned by garrisons of well-trained artillerists, affording a double relief to each gun, and commanded by officers who had no superiors in any service. Under these circumstances, although I feared that the high water in the spring, with the accompanying drift, would carry away the raft, yet every confidence was felt that the river would remain closed until such time as the iron-clad steamers could be finished. In March no heavy guns had yet been received, although strenuous applications were made by me to get some from Pensacola, when that place was abandoned. The general impression of all those to whom I applied was, that the largest guns should be placed above New Orleans, not below; although I had notified the department on the 22nd March, that in my judgment the fleet only awaited the arrival of the mortar-vessels to attempt to pass up the river from below.*

The personal exertion of an ordnance-officer, Major Duncan, a relation of the General, did at length procure three 10-inch and three 8-inch columbiad hollow-shot guns and five large mortars, which were mounted just before the bombardment commenced. This was, as before noticed, on the 18th of April; but a week previous to Porter's attack the raft was seriously damaged by a storm accompanied by a flood, which, according to General Duncan's statement, 'parted the chains, scattered the schooners, and materially affected the character and effectiveness of the raft as an obstruction.'

For six long days did the garrisons of the forts endure the pitiless fire which Porter rained on them. Carefully as the casemates had been constructed, the 13-inch shells inflicted serious damage, and disabled a number of the defenders' guns. The unprotected barracks in the fort were destroyed with all their contents (including the spare clothing most improvidently placed there) within the first twelve hours of this tremendous

bombardment. The garrison could make but feeble response, owing to the inferiority of range of most of their pieces; yet the gunners never flinched, and the enormous expenditure of Federal ammunition determined Farragut to hurry on the endeavour to pass the batteries by main force in the hours of darkness. On the third night, under cover of a furious fire, an expedition of two gun-boats, under Captain Bell, approached the barricade to attempt its destruction by means of petards. 'This duty,' says Admiral Farragut, 'was not thoroughly performed, in consequence of the failure to ignite the petards with the galvanic battery.' In fact, no officer of the American services had at that time been trained to the use upon or under water of this powerful engine of destruction.* 'Still,' he continues, 'it was a success, and under the circumstances, a highly meritorious one.' In fact the 'Itasca,' under Lieutenant Caldwell, grappled one of the schooners, which that officer boarded at once, and detached from the chains which had secured her to the barricade which was then laid open. His gunboat was the only one seen by the look-outs of Duncan, who writes:—'a heavy fire was opened upon her, which caused her to retire, but not until she had partially accomplished her purpose. The raft after this could not be regarded as an obstruction.'

The following night the garrison were cheered by the descent from New Orleans of one of the two iron-clad rafts, the 'Louisiana,' mounting sixteen heavy guns. By this time the injuries in their defences were very considerable, and under her almost impregnable cover they had hoped to make the necessary repairs. On conferring, however, with Captain Mitchell, a naval officer who now arrived and assumed charge of all the steamers gathered for the defence, Duncan learnt that her motive power was incomplete, and that so far from taking the offensive against the enemy, his coadjutor was bent on keeping her above the forts until the mechanics had finished their labours. In vain did the General appeal to his chief at New Orleans, and the latter to Commodore Whittle, the successor of Hollins and superior of Captain Mitchell. The Commodore's

* After the war had actually commenced, submarine blasting was being carried on for the improvement of the harbour of New York by a Frenchman, who claimed reward for his work as a patent. General Totten, of the U.S. Engineers, under whom he was employed, entered into correspondence on the subject with Sir John Burgoyne, and then learnt that the so-called secret—the product of Pasley's work on the wreck of the 'Royal George'—had been in regular use thirteen years before by the Royal Engineers at Bermuda.

orders were sent indeed to the latter, but with the proviso to execute them only 'if in his judgment it was advisable;' and in consequence Mitchell held to his determination of keeping the iron-clad for the present out of fire. It is fair to say that his view was supported by those of the naval officers under him. On the other hand, the naval volunteers who chiefly manned the steamers (eight in number, besides the small ram 'Manasses,' and a fire-raft flotilla), which had been prepared for co-operation with the forts, were jealous alike of the interference they had at first met with from the generals, and of that to which they now were subjected when transferred to the rule of their professional brethren.

It is not for us, who inherit the memories of Walcheren, to lean too hardly on the errors which divided the command of the Confederates at this critical time, and kept the real chiefs at New Orleans, twenty miles above the vital point of action. It is enough to say that the fifth day of bombardment and endurance went by in vain correspondence and appeals. Not only did Mitchell refuse to place the 'Louisiana' where her battery might be of use, but the only immediate service remaining to be performed—the sending down of fire-ships in the night against Porter's fleet—was left undone, the tugboats allotted for that duty being under repair. 'This does not excuse the neglect,' says Duncan, 'as there were six boats of the river fleet available for this service, independent of those alluded to, and fire-barges were plentiful.' More plainly still does General Lovell's Report speak of what occurred that night and during the eventful one which followed:—'The river-defence fleet,' he writes, 'proved a failure, for the very reasons set forth in my letter to the department of the 15th of April. Unable to govern themselves, and unwilling to be governed by others, their almost total want of system, vigilance, and discipline, rendered them useless and helpless, when the enemy finally dashed upon them suddenly in a dark night. I regret very much that the department did not think it advisable to grant my request to place some competent head in charge of these steamers.'

The 23rd of April broke warm and clear. The garrisons had now given up hope of immediate aid from the steamers, and attempted to repair their pressing damages as they best could under Porter's fire. Before night the latter slackened perceptibly; and Duncan, struck by this fact (which he correctly enough, as his letter of that evening proves, ascribed to the enemy's growing

short of ammunition), and observing movements in the fleet below, once more wrote to Mitchell to urge the 'Louisiana' being brought into a position to aid at least by her battery in the defence. His request was refused, and when, somewhat later, he communicated the additional news that his suspicions were confirmed by the enemy's boats fixing white flags in the line of their expected advance, he learnt only from Mitchell's reply that the 'Louisiana' would be ready *by the next evening*. Before that evening had arrived, the luckless iron-clad was prepared to be blown up by his own orders. Kept so carefully out of harm's way as she had been, the only damage inflicted by her was that caused by the explosion to the garrison she had been built to aid!

The anxiety suffered by Duncan and his troops during the early part of the night was enhanced by an increase in the fire of the bomb-vessels which took place when darkness closed, and by their ignorance of what the enemy was doing under cover of Porter's shells; for, as on the previous night, the promised fire-rafts were not floated down by the flotilla. Who it was that should be charged specially with this omission it is hard to say. It is clear that Captain Mitchell, though invested nominally with the whole control of the river defence, was unable to make his authority felt by the naval volunteers, whose senior officer, Captain Stevenson, declared officially three days before, in the name of his force, 'it would not be governed by the regulations of the navy or commanded by naval officers.'

At two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, Farragut gave his pre-arranged signal—two ordinary red lights, so as not to excite special notice—and the advance began in two columns. That on the right, under Captain Bailey (Farragut's second), was led by the gunboat 'Cayuga,' which bore the flag. She was followed by the steam-frigates 'Pensacola' and 'Mississippi,' and five other gunboats in succession. The left column, the Admiral's own, was similar in formation, but stronger by a frigate, being led by his fleet-captain in the gunboat 'Sciota,' which was followed by the 'Hartford' (the flag-ship), two other frigates, and five more gunboats. The divided counsels of their opponents, the exhaustion of some, the insubordination of others, the incompleteness of their defenses, were all unknown to the Federals: and how great was their commander's anxiety as to the issue of his bold advance, and the prospect of passing the forts with a respectable

force, is best shown by his own General Order, sent round a short time before :—

'When, in the opinion of the flag-officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for close action, No. 8, and abide the result—conquer or to be conquered—drop anchor or keep under weigh, as in his opinion is best.'

At half-past three the fleet approached the barrier, the bomb-vessels having also placed themselves so as to fire freely on the forts, and being strengthened for the night by the addition of the sailing corvette 'Portsmouth,' which was towed up within range of Fort Jackson. Severely damaged already, the boom gave way to the rush of the leading gunboats, while at the same moment the forts opened fire, and one of the most fearful scenes began which naval annals record :—

'After we had fairly entered into the fight (writes Farragut), the density of the smoke from guns and fire-rafts, the scenes passing on board our own ship and around us (for it was as if the artillery of heaven were playing upon earth), were such that it was impossible for the flag-officer to see how each vessel was conducting itself, and he can only judge by the final results and their special reports, which are herewith enclosed. But I feel that I can say with truth that it has rarely been the lot of a commander to be supported by officers of more indomitable courage or higher professional merit.'

In short, the darkness of the night, the closeness of the action, and the tremendous calibre of the Federal cannon, made it hopeless for any officer to do more than control the movements of a single vessel in the confused uproar which arose. The flag-officer's own was soon in danger so imminent as to task his utmost energies, and we quote from his Report only that further portion which speaks of her share :—

'I discovered a fire-raft coming down upon us, and in attempting to avoid it ran the ship on shore; and the ram "Manasses," which I had not seen, lay on the opposite of it, and pushed it down upon us. Our ship was soon on fire half-way up to her tops, but we backed off, and through the good organization of our fire department, and the great exertions of Captain Wainwright and his first lieutenant, officers, and crew, the fire was extinguished. In the meantime our battery was never silent, but

poured in its missiles of death into Fort St. Philip, opposite to which we had got by this time, and it was silenced, with the exception of a gun now and then.'

Silenced perhaps for the minute; for the gunners at such times sought shelter in the casements close by, which had preserved them during the preceding bombardment; yet only to rush forth at every interval of slackening in the fire of the frigates, and reply with their feeble pieces to the storm of grape hurled at them from 9-inch and 11-inch guns. Their gallantry is not merely testified to by their own commanders. More important witness to it is borne by the detailed Reports of the Federal captains, and especially by those of three gunboats, the 'Itasca,' 'Kennebec,' and 'Winona,' which became entangled in portions of the barrier after the frigates had gone by, and found the fire of the garrison still so insupportable as to compel them to head down stream, and thus, for safety, to separate themselves from the rest of the fleet.

The forts and boom once passed, with the fire-rafts (of which only one, that which struck the 'Hartford,' did any harm) the squadron of Mitchell had yet to be encountered. These Farragut has estimated at 13 gunboats and two iron-clads, but the truth was, as we now know, far within this. The 'Louisiana' was but a motionless raft, so moored that she could hardly bring her bow-guns to bear, and fired (it was said by the garrison) but twelve shots. The eight gunboats had been but poorly fitted, and some of them mounted but a single large gun, whilst in weight they were no match even for the enemy's smallest vessels. The action, therefore, was of very brief duration, although gallantly undertaken by the Confederates. Four of their boats had been fitted with iron plates over their bows with the intention of using them as rams, and two of these, the 'Governor Moore' and 'Quitman,' came immediately into collision with the 'Varuna,' which had in the *mêlée* with the forts got ahead of the rest of the Federal fleet. She was in chase of an unarmed steamer, on board of which was General Lovell himself (who had arrived from New Orleans on a visit of inspection just as the firing commenced), when the 'Governor Moore' attacked her boldly, firing a bow-gun which disabled thirteen of the 'Varuna's' hands, and charging her afterwards on the starboard side. The Federals, however, succeeded in bringing an 8-inch gun to bear on the assailant, and dis-

abling her completely in a few minutes; but the 'Quitman,' which had approached the 'Varuna,' on the port side at the same time, now butted at her twice, at the second collision driving in her side. In doing this, however, she swung round, and the Federals, before their vessel sank, sent five of their 8-inch shells into their new enemy, and had the satisfaction of seeing her in flames. Of the rest of the 'defence fleet,' the 'Defiance' was the only one saved under the guns of the fort at daybreak, the others having either been sunk, burnt, or driven ashore, disabled by the overwhelming batteries which the frigates had opened on them. These last had been attacked indeed by the 'Manasses' with a boldness worthy of better success; but her feeble power and small tonnage were found perfectly unavailing to injure the ships through the chain-armor so judiciously prepared. Her encounter with the flag-ship 'Hartford' has been already mentioned. Passing on whilst the latter was on fire, she charged the 'Brooklyn' full on the starboard gangway, but with little effect, beyond breaking in some of the links of the chain and driving in three planks above waterline. Wedged in between her huge antagonist and the shore, the ram found herself unable to get up speed for a fresh charge, and was glad to drop down stream. She then crossed over to attack the 'Mississippi,' and struck her with a very partial effect, inflicting injuries similar to those of the 'Brooklyn,' and then passing down to the forts, where she lay for a short while.

The gray of early daylight now succeeded to the flashes of the hostile guns which had lighted up the scene; and Farragut, discovering the completeness of his victory, signalled to discontinue action. His fleet had begun to form and steam slowly upwards when the indomitable little ram was seen singly in pursuit, and preparing to renew her assaults. The Admiral at once signalled the 'Mississippi' to turn and attack her; and Captain Smith, aided by the gunboats 'Pinola' and 'Kineo,' charged her at once. Captain Warly (who, from her first construction, had commanded the ram), seeing the huge bows of the frigate coming straight towards him, steered to avoid the direct shock, and ran his vessel aground, exposing her to the full broadsides of the enemy. From this helpless position he escaped with his crew to the shore, and the once famous 'Manasses' was fired by the boats of the 'Mississippi,' which had been ordered off to board her. This was the last episode of the battle; for Farragut,

leaving behind him the sheltered forts and the relics of the enemy's flotilla, went upward on his path of conquest. Captain Bailey, still leading in the 'Cayuga,' soon came in sight of a small camp of sharpshooters on the right bank, who, finding their position and line of retreat along the levee, under command of the gunboats, surrendered at once. Near this point — the Quarantine — the river is approached by the creek before mentioned, as turning (for shallow boats) the forts and barricade. The flag-officer now made use of it to communicate with Porter and General Butler, and leaving two gunboats to protect the latter's advance from the enemy still left at the forts, proceeded on with the rest of the fleet. The further progress of the Federals occupied all that day and the early part of the 25th, 'owing to the slowness of some of the vessels, and want of knowledge of the river;' but New Orleans was finally approached at 10 A.M. on the 26th. Then came a ten minutes' contest with the inner works, armed, as we know, with but a dozen 32-pounders. The rest of the story of the conquest — the public thanksgiving ordered by the flag-officer on board his victorious fleet — the fierce heart-burnings of the city, which lay helpless under his guns — the unjust obloquy thrown on General Lovell by the Confederates for not ensuring its destruction by a useless resistance with his petty garrison of 3,000 men — these things, and, above all, the shame and humiliation which followed on Butler's taking possession, are well known. We pass them, therefore, by; citing merely the following paragraph of Farragut's letter, which tells the final history of the forces of Duncan and Mitchell, and observing that the surrender of the former was compelled by the violent insubordination of the same volunteer gunners who had obeyed him with cheerful endurance until their retreat was cut off:—

'On the evening of the 29th, Captain Bailey arrived from below, with the gratifying intelligence that the forts had surrendered to Commander Porter, and had delivered up all public property, and were being paroled; and that the navy had been made to surrender unconditionally, as they had conducted themselves with bad faith, burning and sinking their vessels while a flag of truce was flying and the forts negotiating for their surrender, and the "Louisiana," their great iron-clad battery, being blown up alongside of the vessel where they were negotiating; hence their officers were not paroled, but sent home to be treated according to the judgment of the Government.'

With the 'Louisiana' the Confederates had lost their iron-clad frigate 'Mississippi,' the most important naval structure they had undertaken, which was lying unfinished at a wharf near the city, and was burnt on the approach of Farragut, whose victory was as complete as any officer commanding afloat could have desired over a combined land and sea force. The garrison of Lovell, and all their stores, should perhaps have been added to the prize; but the Federals were, strangely enough, not aware that a single ship anchored ten miles above the city would, at the then height of the river, have completely commanded the only exit, which, through, their ignorance, was left open for several days. At the least, however, the success was almost beyond price to the Union Government from its moral importance on both sides of the Atlantic. As to the material advantage won, it may be best judged of by the statement of the well-known Confederate writer and partisan Pollard:—

'The extent of the disaster is not to be disguised. It was a heavy blow to the Confederacy. It annihilated us in Louisiana; separated us from Texas and Arkansas; diminished our resources and supplies by the loss of one of the greatest grain and cattle countries within the limits of the Confederacy; gave to the enemy the Mississippi River, with all its means of navigation, for a base of operations; and finally led, by plain and irresistible conclusion, to our virtual abandonment of its great and fruitful valleys.'

'Treachery' was the cry raised by the indignant South at the loss of its commercial capital: and although such a charge against the Confederate commanders bears no inquiry, the fall of New Orleans and its consequences must, as has been shown, be held due in part to the improvident delays and discordant counsels of the defenders, as well as to the want of appreciation in their chosen Government of the greatness of the danger which threatened the Confederacy at this vital point. Allowing fully for all these, the highest credit must yet be given to the judgment which planned and the vigour which executed this successful stroke. If the language of Mr. Welles seems a little exaggerated when he says, 'It was regarded everywhere, both at home and abroad, as the grandest achievement of the war,' no less is it certain that, in calling the capture of New Orleans 'one of the most remarkable triumphs in the whole history of naval operations,' he is fully justified, both by the daring with

which unknown dangers were faced and the vast importance of the victory gained.

The success of Farragut was marred, as has been seen, by the loss of only a single gunboat; and comment on the battle won by so hastily formed a fleet would be incomplete indeed if it omitted special notice of the fact that the 'Varuna' was the only one of Farragut's gunboats 'converted' from the merchant service, instead of being built expressly for the rougher business of the navy.

'Here let me pause (says Lieutenant Swasey, in a very clear report of the disaster) whilst we reflect upon the unadaptedness of a merchant-built vessel for war purposes, particularly such as the "Varuna" was called to take part in. Had we been built with that strength which all the other vessels possessed, and the need of which becomes more apparent to the mind of the naval officer each day, we would yet be afloat, off the city of New Orleans. Such vessels may perhaps do for the ordinary duties of a blockade, and I think it is yet a question whether they will or not; but certainly they are not fit to trust lives and property on to engage works of the strongest magnitude.'

New Orleans once secured and handed over to General Butler, Farragut pushed up the Mississippi, and in the course of the next two months the Union flag was hoisted at Baton Rouge, Natchez, and every town of importance as high as Vicksburg. This city, strong by its natural position on high bluffs sloping gently landward, and already partly converted into a fortress by entrenchments heavily armed, was now (since the surrender of Memphis on the 6th of June) the only point of importance held by the Confederates on the banks of the great river. It at once, therefore, assumed an importance well warranted by its later history. Summoned on the 18th of May to evacuate the place, General M. L. Smith, who held it, gave a decided refusal; and Farragut found it necessary to await once more the arrival of Porter's flotilla, which was not brought up and reported ready until the 27th of June. On the 28th a general attack took place, Farragut succeeding in taking two of his three frigates and six gunboats above the batteries, but producing no effect on the defences. 'The enemy leave their guns for the moment,' says his hasty report, 'but return to them as soon as we have passed, and rake us.' About fifty men were killed and wounded on board, and the 'Brooklyn' frigate, with two gunboats, forced to retreat below the place.

The bombardment continued at intervals, pending an application to General Halleck at Corinth for a corps of his army to aid the fleet, and the result of an experiment (the first of three) made to cut a ship canal through the isthmus opposite Vicksburg, and leave the Federal ships an independent passage. On the 15th of July their possession of the river was suddenly challenged by a large ram, the 'Arkansas,' which the Confederates had been fitting upon the Yazoo, a considerable stream entering the Mississippi just above Vicksburg. This new enemy was built, in imitation of those destroyed at New Orleans, with a screw-propeller, and iron-clad sides sloping inwards; and, besides the means of offence offered by her sharp prow, she mounted nine guns. Her plating, however, proved to be weak, and her machinery very defective. Uneasy at the reports of her, Farragut had sent a small river steamer, the 'Tyler,' to explore the Yazoo, and this probably brought her down incomplete; for she appeared suddenly, on the evening of the 15th, coming into the Mississippi, apparently in chase of the 'Tyler,' and forthwith ran down to take shelter under the guns of Vicksburg. In passing she received and returned the broadsides of Farragut's whole squadron; and several of the heavier shot crashed through her armour, tearing up her unplated deck, damaging her fittings, and killing and wounding some of the crew. But this was not fully known to the Federals, and her escape for the time spread alarm as far as the garrison of Butler at New Orleans. Her history, however, need not be pursued at length. On the first leaving her shelter to co-operate with a Confederate land force in the attack (made 5th of August) on Baton Rouge, her engines broke hopelessly down when yet five miles from the place, and, drifting to the shore end on, she fell an easy prey to the shells of the 'Essex,' a large iron-plated river-boat, whose commander, W. D. Porter,* had taken charge of the Lower Mississippi on the departure of Farragut. The latter officer, in compliance with orders from Mr. Welles, had abandoned his contest with the Vicksburg works on the 20th of July, and made down stream for New Orleans, whence he proceeded with his squadron to carry on operations along the coast of Texas, where the chief posts were (for the time) recovered to the Union by his detachments in the

course of a few weeks. 'All we want,' he wrote on the 15th of October, 'is a few soldiers to hold the places, and we will soon have the whole coast. It is a more effectual blockade to have the vessels inside instead of outside.' In this simple remark lies the key to the constantly increasing success of the Unionists in restricting their enemies' trade — a success which was complete only when Wilmington fell to Porter and Terry more than two years later in the war.

Second only in importance to the exploits of Farragut's fleet during this remarkable year, were the services rendered on the rivers by the squadrons of the Mississippi and Tennessee. Flag-officer Foote (raised to rear-admiral's rank afterwards with Farragut) directed their operations with extraordinary activity until disabled by the effects of a wound in May. They were continued for the next four months under Captain Davis, who had succeeded to the temporary charge. In October, however, a new flag-officer appeared in the person of Porter, whose services as lieutenant and commander we have already noticed. The constant approval of Farragut, Bailey, and all with whom he served, had fully justified the selection of this officer at the opening of the war for high charge by the President; and the latter, proud of so fortunate a choice, took occasion now to advance him, *per saltum* to the rank of acting rear-admiral, and to the command left vacant by Foote. Much of the uniform though slow success of the Federal armies in the central States depended henceforth on the activity and energy by which Porter showed himself worthy of his unexampled promotion. But the story of his deeds in that quarter, of Foote's, and of Farragut's, when he appeared a second time in the Mississippi to co-operate in the fall of Vicksburg, forms so essential a part of the campaigns of General Grant, that we prefer to leave it to those writers who have made the progress of the chief General of the Union their special theme.

The year 1862 and its naval operations have an interest for us even higher than that which belongs to the subjects we have hitherto treated. The world-famous battle of the 'Monitor' and 'Merrimack' on the 9th April opened first the way to that practical solution of the proper form of iron-clad steamers which no government as yet has as nearly attained to as that of the United States. It is as well to be fully understood on this matter; and the Report of Mr. Welles sets forth in the clearest light

* One of the captains under Foote, and not to be confounded with the more famous D. D. Porter.

the importance of the 'Monitor's' victory, the prescience shown by his practical adviser, Captain Fox, at the outset of the war, and the conditions aimed at in the construction of the original vessels built on the turret principle. The details of the battle — the sudden appearance in Hampton Roads of the 'Merrimack,' heavily plated with layers of iron, fitted as a ram, and well armed — her attack and easy destruction of two large wooden ships of war — the dangerous state of the blockading steam-frigates, unfitted to cope with and unable to escape from their antagonist, from whom they were only saved the first day by her dread of the shallows — the unlooked-for arrival (in the middle of that anxious night) of the 'Monitor,' hurried from New York by Captain Fox's exertions to meet and foil the long-threatened design of the Confederates — all these particulars have been so often and so fully given to the world, that we forbear to repeat them. At noon next day the 'Merrimack' abandoned her attack and retreated to Norfolk, leaving the honours of her discomfiture to her diminutive but invulnerable foe.

'Thus terminated (writes Mr. Welles) the most remarkable naval combat of modern times, perhaps of any age. The fiercest and most formidable naval assault upon the power of the Union which has ever been made by the insurgents was heroically repelled, and a new era was opened in the history of maritime warfare.'

Then, after referring to the numerous vessels of the 'Monitor' pattern under construction, he continues: —

'Whatever success may attend the large and costly armoured ships of the "Warrior" class, which are being constructed by some of the maritime Powers of Europe for cruising in deep waters, they can scarcely cause alarm here, for we have within the United States few harbours that are accessible to them, and for those few the Government can always be prepared whenever a foreign war is imminent. It has been deemed advisable, however, that we should have a few large-sized armed cruisers of great speed for ocean service, as well as some of the class of smaller vessels for coastwise and defensive operations.

'In the construction of iron-clads of the "Monitor" class, the nautical qualities of the vessel have not been the governing object, for with light draught and heavy armament, high speed is not attainable. But they are adapted to the shallow waters of our coast and harbours, few of which are accessible to vessels of great magnitude. While the larger armoured vessels, with their heavy armament, cannot nearly ap-

proach our shores, those of the "Monitor" class can penetrate even the inner waters, rivers, harbours, and bayous of our extended double coast.'

A success so great as that won over the 'Merrimack' by the first employment of the revolving turret in action, might well cause Mr. Welles and his assistant to press forward the completion of the iron-clad squadron, from which they hoped such further advantage as should throw even the victory at New Orleans — won that same eventful month — into shade. Charleston itself, with the famous Fort Sumter, whose surrender had so bitterly touched the pride of the North, were the prizes intended to be added to the laurels already won by the American navy. The watch which the 'Monitor' after her victory held in Hampton Roads became no longer needful when her adversary was blown up by Commodore Tatnal's orders to save her from falling into the hands of the Federals on the abandonment of Norfolk in the summer to their army. The Confederates had then no longer any vessel within the Chesapeake waters which their enemy's gunboats could not master, and the 'Monitor' became available for employment in some new scene. It was not, however, until joined by the 'Passaic,' the first one finished of her consorts, that she prepared to leave Hampton Roads for the Carolina coast. The close of the year had drawn near, and her new commander, Bankhead (for Lieutenant Worden, who had fought her in the spring, was for some months invalidated from a wound), was directed to choose his own time and weather for making his way southward.

He started on the 29th December, accompanied, for safety's sake, by a powerful wooden steamer, the 'Rhode Island,' and for the first twenty-four hours had nearly smooth water. On the evening of the 30th a slight gale was encountered, and the vessel soon became nearly unmanageable, pitching heavily, yawing greatly, and making much water round the base of the turret, where the caulking of oakum had become loosened by the motion. After two hours of this the water suddenly (at 8 p. m.) began to gain so fast on the pumps as to show that the shocks had sprung a leak below; and although every possible assistance was rendered by the 'Rhode Island' Commander Bankhead was compelled before long to abandon his vessel, which went down soon after, taking with her four officers and twelve men, whom it was impossible to transfer to her tender. The latter had

indeed been put to great hazard in saving the rest of the crew from the deck of her unmanageable consort, to come into collision with whose sides or bow would, in the heavy sea-way, have proved instant destruction. Thus were the former detractors of the 'Monitor,' as originally constructed, almost as much justified in their special view as her projectors had been. Great efforts have since been made in America to improve upon the first design as to details, but the immediate result of the disaster was to confirm Mr. Welles in his projected design of leaving to turret ships the operations in shallow waters, and constructing for ocean warfare a few of another class of vessel, a broadside iron-clad of the largest class. His arguments in favour of this opinion are well worthy of the attention of the statesmen of other countries, and are thus very aptly concluded :—

'Each of these vessels, must, in order to accomplish its work, present in its construction, armour, armament, and propulsion, all the power that the resources of modern invention and mechanical science and art can furnish for attack, resistance, and pursuit. A vessel of this description must, of course, cost a large price. But then a wise statesmanship will not fail to perceive that the possession of a very few such unconquerable ships must, while vastly augmenting the force and renown of our navy, afford us at the same time an inestimable guarantee of peace with foreign nations; nor, in counting the cost of such floating structures, can we forget that, large as that cost may be, it yet sinks into insignificance in contrast with the expenditures and sacrifices of a single year, or even a month, of foreign war.'

We take this extract from the Secretary's Report for 1863, in which, however, he states that there was no private yards in America fully prepared to build the required vessels, and strongly urges the necessity of Government enlarging its own means for the purpose.

The loss of the 'Monitor' was not suffered to retard the intended attack upon Charleston, and the additional precautions which followed on it enabled her sister vessels to make their way without further accident, from shelter to shelter, as they were separately despatched to join the fleet off the harbour. At the commencement of April 1863, Admiral Dupont had under him the 'Passaic' and six other of this new class. Some additional strengthening of the central framework had been added to the original design, to enable the chief of the Bureau of Naval Ordnance, Captain Dahlgren to carry out his favourite design of mount-

ing for sea service his new 15-inch gun throwing a spherical shot of 450 pounds. Greater weight and calibre, this artillerist had long maintained, would avail to give greater accuracy and range, without the wear and uncertainty of rifling; and his theory has since become the favourite one in the American navy, whose large rifled guns on the 'Parrot' (or reinforcing with wrought-iron) system, cannot be considered as successful as their simpler competitors. Each of these seven 'Monitors' carried one of these gigantic weapons, and one 11-inch in her turret. A smaller vessel, the 'Keokuk,' of the 'Galena' or 'turreted gunboat' pattern, carried one * 11-inch gun only.

Admiral Dupont transferred his flag to the 'Ironsides,' (already described as the first and largest vessel of the three original models selected), which had been lately sent to aid him in the attack. She arrived just in time to complete the efficiency of the blockade which had been for a few hours put in jeopardy by two small Confederate rams, the 'Chicora' and 'Palmetto State,' which issued from the harbour before day-break on the 31st January, designing to surprise the Federal squadron. The 'Mercedita,' the first vessel run into by them, was totally disabled and surrendered; but meanwhile the alarm spread so rapidly that the project failed. After engaging and inflicting considerable damage on the 'Keystone State,' the next of the gunboats, the assailants yielded to the resolute advance of Captain Taylor (the senior Federal officer) in his steamship the 'Housatonic,' supported by the 'Quaker City,' 'Memphis,' and 'Augusta,' and returned to the protection of the forts, claiming a success for what was in fact a failure, caused by their small tonnage and slow speed.

Dupont having collected his iron-clad squadron, and issued orders to use their fire solely on Fort Sumter until that work should be reduced, proceeded to the assault at noon on the 7th of April, leaving the rest of his fleet outside. His design was to enter so far into the Harbour as to lay his nine vessels round the north-west face of the work; but this a line of obstructions skillfully sunk by the defenders prevented so effectually, that the 'Ironsides' was unable to approach within a thousand yards of the fort, whilst the 'Monitors' lay at from six to eight hundred yards' distance. A tremendous cross-fire was opened on them from Sumter and the opposite battery at Fort

* As stated in the official Return of the chief gunnery officer of Dupont's fleet. Yet she was designed to carry two 11-inch guns in separate turrets.

Moultrie before they had reached their positions, and continued until in obedience to signal, they withdrew from action at 4.30 P. M., having delivered but 139 shot in reply to the vast number which some 70 guns (10-inch hollow shot and 7-inch rifled) had rained upon them. The new experiment of the 'Monitor' system as against strong works had failed decisively; and the 'Keokuk,' which had ventured the nearest, as she was also the weakest of the squadron, was injured beyond repair, and sank at daylight.

'I made signal (reports the disappointed Admiral) to withdraw from action, intending to resume the attack the next morning. During the evening the commanding officers of the iron-clads came on board the flag-ship, and, to my regret, I soon became convinced of the utter impracticability of taking the city of Charleston by the force under my command. No ship had been exposed to the severest fire of the enemy over forty minutes, and yet in that brief period, as the department will perceive by the detailed reports of the commanding officers, five of the iron-clads were wholly or partially disabled; disabled, too (as the obstructions could not be passed), in that which was most essential to our success—I mean in their armament, or power of inflicting injury by their guns. . . . I had hoped that the endurance of the iron-clads would have enabled them to have borne any weight of fire to which they might have been exposed; but when I found that so large a portion of them were wholly or one-half disabled, by less than an hour's engagement, before attempting to remove the obstructions, or testing the power of the torpedoes, I was convinced that persistence in the attack would only result in the loss of the greater portion of the iron-clad fleet, and in leaving many of them inside the harbour to fall into the hands of the enemy.'

This failure of the long-prepared experiment was not suffered to pass unchallenged at Washington. Mr. Welles, before receipt of the official news, had already sent instructions to the Admiral, in case of failure to make further demonstrations, sufficient to occupy the garrison and prevent their making detachments to the armies in the field. But this measure and the mild terms in which the order was couched were deemed insufficient by the President, and he followed his perusal of the Admiral's first report by taking the matter into his own hands. He plunged, in short, into personal control of the operations with that irregular vigour which had in the previous year proved so fatal to the strategy of McClellan. His rights as Commander-in-chief of the Naval Forces had been suddenly aside laid ever since the early expedition to

Pensacola, which, as we have seen, was carried out by the actual overthrow of the plans of his secretary. He now as suddenly assumed them and telegraphed to Dupont:—

'Hold your position inside the bar near Charleston; or if you shall have left it, return to it and hold it till further orders. Do not allow the enemy to erect new batteries or defences on Morris Island. If he has begun it, drive him out. I do not herein order you to renew the general attack. That is to depend on your own discretion or a further order.'

The Admiral was not of a character to patiently bear with what seemed to him unmerited censure on the measures he had taken for the safety of his iron-clads, already withdrawn to Port Royal for repairs. In acknowledging the telegraphic order, and promising every exertion to comply with its provisions, he proceeds in his dispatch to detail fully the dangerous position in which the 'Monitors' would thereby be placed, adding:—

'I have deemed it proper and due to myself to make these statements, but I trust I need not add that I will obey all orders with the utmost fidelity, even when my judgment is entirely at variance with them; such as the order to re-occupy the unsafe anchorage for the iron-clads off Morris Island, and an intimation that a renewal of the attack on Charleston may be ordered, which in my judgment would be attended with disastrous results, involving the loss of this coast.'

Finally, with greater wisdom if not greater patriotism than McClellan had shown under the like interference, he resigned in the following frank and noble terms the command exercised for the preceding eighteen months with unvarying approbation from his superiors:—

'I know not whether the confidence of the department so often expressed to me has been shaken by the want of success in a single measure which I never advised, though intensely desirous to carry out the department's orders and justify expectations in which I could not share. I am, however, painfully struck by the tenor and tone of the President's order, which seems to imply a censure, and I have to request that the department will not hesitate to relieve me by an officer who, in its opinion, is more able to execute that service in which I have had the misfortune to fail—the capture of Charleston. No consideration for an individual officer, whatever his loyalty and length of service, should weigh an instant if the cause of his country can be advanced by his removal.'

His resignation was accepted by the President, and Foote (reported to be recovered from his wound) was appointed to succeed him. This officer, however, falling ill and dying at New York upon his way, the vacancy was finally conferred on Dahlgren, who, with especial view to his powers as an artilleryman, had been appointed as second in command. He took over his new charge on the 6th of July; but before handing it to him, Dupont had had the satisfaction of reporting on the most instructive and successful action (according to Mr. Welles's very just view) of the year, and the first in which his successor's famous 15-inch gun was tested against ship-armour.

At Savannah the Confederates had been busy during the spring in the preparation of this, their new substitute for the lost 'Merrimack.' On the hull of a large iron screw-steamer, the 'Fingal,' their engineers had built up a structure which they hoped to make impregnable to the heaviest Dahlgren guns. The vessel had been cut down so as to leave the original hull but two feet above water. A casemate, with the sides and ends sloping at an angle of thirty degrees to the horizon, was erected upon it, so framed as to overlap the sides of the hull six feet and to project over the ends, towards which it was tapered. The sides were protected by timber, running from a point several feet below the water-line to the edge of the deck, forming a heavy, solid overway of wood and armour. The armour, four inches in thickness, was composed of two layers of two-inch rolled iron plates, seven inches wide, the inner of which ran horizontally, and the outer vertically. They were secured to a backing of oak three inches thick, and of pine fifteen inches thick. A pilot-house erected above it in a pyramidal form was similarly cased. Four rifled guns, two of 6-inch calibre and two of 7-inch, were the armament and the bow terminated in an iron beak, forming a ram. On the 17th of June, with full magazines and a complement of 135 officers and men, this formidable iron-clad descended Warsaw Sound, at that time known to be guarded by two of the 'Monitors' of the Charleston squadron, the 'Weehawken' and the 'Nahant.'

There is no doubt now as to the Confederate plan. To make straight for the nearest 'Monitor,' run aboard her and pierce her armour through by the close fire of the rifled guns, was their intention, and from the superior elevation of their portholes (which were guarded by four-inch iron shutters) a decisive advantage at close

quarters was expected, while the casing, which had been prepared was judged sufficient to keep out any hollow shot fired from a distance at the low velocity which had been remarked as a characteristic of the Dahlgren cannon. The capture of the two hostile vessels was confidently looked for, and as the new ship was calculated to steam ten knots an hour, her transfer to other ports blockaded was designed to follow.

These hopes, however, were destined to a speedy end. The Federals, having caught sight of their unknown adversary at dawn, steamed with alacrity to meet her. The 'Weehawken,' having their only pilot on board, led the way; and when about a quarter of a mile off, opened fire on the 'Atlanta,' (for thus the former 'Fingal' was now named,) with her two guns alternately. Three of the first four shots were seen distinctly from the 'Nahant' to strike the enemy; and at the fourth a white flag was suddenly run up, and the Confederate colours were hauled down ten minutes after the action had commenced. The Federals on boarding their prize were scarcely less astonished than their adversaries at the tremendous effect of the fire of the 15-inch gun. Its first shot had carried in armour and backing, strewn the deck with splinters, prostrated by its concussion about forty men, and wounded fourteen. The second, aimed higher, had struck the iron plates, which forced the top of the pilot-house, carried it bodily off, wounded the steersman, and left the vessel unmanageable. The 11-inch shot had done no damage, save to the shutter of one of the portholes, which was struck when opened back and completely shattered. Never was victory over a confident enemy more decisive and more easily won than this remarkable battle, which at once proved the new Dahlgren gun to be one of the most formidable pieces of ordnance constructed, and put the floating battery or 'Monitor' into such a foremost position for smooth-water service as even the most sanguine views of its designer, before the days of this weapon, could have never reached.

Notwithstanding the remark made later by a Board of Survey on the imperfect nature of the pine backing used in the 'Atlanta,' which proved both to have little power of resistance and to be extremely dangerous by its splinters to those it was designed to protect, yet there can be no doubt that this roughly built iron-clad would have stood a formidable test from ordnance of the old patterns. Ignorance,

in short, of the true power of their enemy's pieces caused the Confederates to run their new champion into this speedy destruction: but they can hardly be judged over bold, so little do the Federals appear at this time to have known of the exact value of the monster gun.

The victory of the 'Weehawken' procured her captain, Rodgers,* the rank of commodore; while Dupont—whose watchfulness had prepared it—left his command with flying colours and the earnest thanks of the department. His views of the strength of Charleston were fully justified by the conduct of his successor. Dahlgren did not repeat the naval attack, and his fleet played but a secondary part in the operations of Gillmore; nor was it until the latter had captured Morris Island that the blockade was made effective by vessels placed in the smooth water near it, and the commerce of the city ceased. Yet so formidable did Sumter, even in its ruins, appear, that so late as the following summer, a fresh attempt to force the 'Monitors' between it and Fort Moultrie was discussed and deliberately rejected by the Admiral and his captains assembled in council of war.

The services of Farragut during the year 1863, included his forcing a passage at tremendous risk and loss past Port Hudson, the new Confederate fortress in the Mississippi, and his subsequent co-operation in the all-important conquest of Vicksburg, though of themselves gallant and memorable achievements, are yet, like Dahlgren's, of a secondary nature, being bound up with the history of Grant's armies, with which Porter also acted throughout the year.

The spring of 1864, however, found the former Admiral returning from a brief sick leave, and preparing for a new enterprise, more perilous in appearance than the attack on New Orleans, where well-won success had first raised him to fame. Mobile Bay was one of the few refuges remaining to the blockade-runners at this period of the war. The main entrance to it was guarded by Fort Morgan, a bastioned work of great strength with 10-inch hollow shot and rifled 32-pounder guns. The channel was narrow at this part, must be entered by daylight, and was thickly beset by such torpedoes as that which had recently, in spite of Dahlgren's precautions, proved fatal to the steam-sloop 'Housatonic' at Charleston, and placed the 'Ironsides' herself in danger. Yet more to be dreaded than fort or torpedo was the

ram 'Tennessee,' commanded by Admiral Buchanan, whose courage and ability were well known to Farragut, and of strength and armament beyond any of those which the Confederates had launched. Her description, given with exactness by deserters, spoke of her as built upon the same principle as the 'Atlanta,' but with the casemate large enough to carry six guns, and plated all over with three layers of two-inch iron, by which additional strength the Confederates hoped to save her from the fate of her model. Her speed was slow, and Farragut declared on his arrival that he would not hesitate to encounter her with his larger wooden ships, but for the fear of her taking refuge in such shallow water as they could not enter. 'Wooden vessels,' he added, 'can do nothing with the iron-clads unless by getting within one hundred or two hundred yards, so as to ram them or pour in a broadside.'

Four 'Monitors' being at length supplied him in July, he prepared to test the strength of his enemies without delay, the latter being known to be striving hard to add other iron-clads to the 'Tennessee,' which alone proved ready for action. She was aided by three gunboats only, when the Federal fleet entered the channel on the 5th of August, in great strength, but with much uncertainty as to the issue of the attack. The seven frigates and steam-sloops which carried the principal batteries were not only protected by chains stopped up and down, but were lashed each to a gunboat on the port side, in order that if crippled in the narrow channel, they might be towed out of range of Fort Morgan, which was on the starboard hand. The 'Monitors' formed a single line between it and the ships, engaging the work and absorbing its fire as far as possible. Thus covered, the wooden vessels in their double column forced their way up, (the Admiral most gallantly taking the lead when the first ship, the 'Brooklyn,' hesitated at the sudden appearance of a line of buoys), and found themselves in half an hour above the forts on which their starboard broadsides had poured such a continuous fire of grape—the missile specially chosen beforehand by Farragut—as the gunners could hardly endure. Not one ship was disabled, and but a hundred of their crews killed and wounded. But the 'Tecumseh,' which led the 'Monitors,' was struck in sight of all by a torpedo, and went down with her crew. Her fate did not prevent her comrades from gallantly carrying out the allotted task; and when the 'Tennessee,' sallied from a side channel higher up to as-

* The officer who lately commanded the American squadron during the bombardment of Valparaiso.

sail the wooden squadron, the 'Monitors' strove to take share in the general assault Farragut directed to be made on her. He had prepared for this bold movement of Buchanan's by providing false bows of iron to the frigates to charge the ram more effectually as soon as she drew near; and having already cast loose from their respective consorts, they steamed unhesitatingly to meet her. Then began a contest of a completely new order in naval tactics, and in which the ram never, as it proved, had a chance of success. Some of her enemies crowded round her sufficiently to impede her motion, whilst the larger steamers strove to run her down in turn. Steering badly, slow in movement, and close pressed on each side, the 'Tennessee' received in succession the charges of three of her assailants without perceptible damage, 'the only effect being to give her a heavy list,' and continued to ply her guns for near an hour. The flag ship 'Hartford,' after charging under the personal direction of the Admiral, (who stood lashed in his main top) poured a broadside of 9-inch shot at her casemates at a distance of barely ten feet. Two of the 'Monitors' fired the 15-inch guns steadily at her whenever an opening was made; and though one only of their shots damaged the plating of the casemate, another destroyed her steering chains, and her chimney was carried away. The decisive injuries, however, were inflicted by successive damages to the shutters of her gun-ports; and three of them being jammed or made useless by the concentrated fire of the frigates, her reply slackened, until a shell entering one wounded Buchanan dangerously, and caused her immediate surrender. The fall of the forts soon followed, and Mobile, though still protected by a shallow bar became harmless against the Union: whilst the victor, whose heroic conduct had won him the personal adoration of his fleet, stood confessed the first seaman of the age. This last achievement obtained for him from the grateful Congress the special rank of Vice-Admiral — a just reward, which placed him on an equal footing with General Grant.

Small as had been the success of the Confederates with their rams, the last brilliant feat of their arms in the war — the capture by Hoke in the spring of 1864 of the forts so long held by the Union forces on Albemarle Sound — was due in great part to the aid of a small vessel of this description, which attacked and drove off the covering gunboats, sinking the boldest of them with a blow of her prow. This first feat of the 'Albemarle' proved, however, to be her

last. In the following October she perished by what may beyond question be called the most daring action of the war — the attack on her at night by a steam-launch carrying a torpedo at the bow. Of the gallant volunteers who undertook this work, two only were saved death or capture, the boat being sunk by the effect on their own engine: but one of these was the young commander, Lieutenant Cushing, already four times thanked for conduct before the enemy, whose new exploit might fairly rank with the boldest deeds of the youth of Nelson or Dundonald. His escape forms an episode of the war, so romantic in itself and so well told by the hero, that we prefer transcribing from his simple narrative: —

'A dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her. The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet range, and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves, and removing my own coat and shoes. Springing into the river, I swam, with others, into the middle of the stream, the rebels failing to hit us. The most of our party were captured, some drowned, and only one escaped besides myself, and he in a different direction. Acting-Master's Mate Woodman, of the 'Commodore Hull,' I met in the water half a mile below the town, and assisted him as best I could, but failed to get him ashore.

'Completely exhausted, I managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when I managed to creep into the swamp, close to the fort. While hiding a few feet from the path, two of the "Albemarle's" officers passed, and I judged from their conversation that the ship was destroyed. Some hours' travelling in the swamp served to bring me out well below the town, when I sent a negro to gain information and found that the ram was truly sunk. Proceeding through another swamp, I came to a creek and captured a skiff belonging to a picket of the enemy, and with this, by eleven o'clock the next night, had made my way out to the "Valley City."

No wonder that this feat procured Cushing not merely his step to commander in the volunteer service, but the special thanks of Mr. Welles under his own hand, with the offer from that statesman of a transfer to the regular navy upon the completion of the requisite course of study.

The naval operations of the war, which began by Lieutenant Porter's relief of Pensacola in defiance of Bragg's guns, were fitly closed by Admiral Porter's capture of the defences of Wilmington, the last port of the Confederacy, before the very eyes of the same general. As nothing was here

proved of the iron-clads save their general fitness to share in a steady bombardment of forts of inferior armament, and as we are informed from undoubted authority that the Federal success was assured as much by the fatal weakness of the opposing commander (who, though supplied with full means, made no effort to relieve his exhausted garrisons) as by the vast superiority of the fire of the fleet, we do not think it needful to comment on the details.

Long before this affair the efforts of the South by sea had been reduced to what appeared to all the world rather a mere form of revenge than any useful warfare. Failing utterly in the purpose of embroiling the North with any neutral nation, these doings have left a seed of bitterness, such as it will need much wisdom and patience to stay from becoming bitter fruit in the future. From the fall of Wilmington, the advantages of blockade-runners and the mushroom growth of their trade became things of the past. For the rest of the war the Confederate flag only covered what was, after all, (if we except the cruise of the iron-clad 'Stonewall') an ignoble piracy, legalised in default of provision made against it by jurists. The ex-Cabinet of Richmond, which sanctioned this system to the end of their rule, have left as a legacy one of the most difficult problems on international duties ever offered for statesmen to solve. But we are more concerned here to point out the urgent necessity which will arise, in case of England's engaging in a war, for our commerce being more efficiently guarded at sea than by iron-clads of 5,000 tons, or first-rate wooden frigates. A class of swift corvettes, carrying two or three heavy guns, with engines so powerful as to enable them to overhaul any ordinary merchant steamers, will be absolutely indispensable if our trade is to escape ruin, whilst privateering is employed against it. At such a class Mr. Welles and Captain Fox aimed when they ordered the 'Kearsarge' and her consorts: but in this particular alone did their efforts wholly disappoint expectation. The 'Alabama,' 'Sumter,' and 'Florida' (managed certainly with consummate skill under most difficult conditions), roamed unchecked over the ocean. At the close of 1864, the capture of 193 vessels, valued with their cargoes at 13½ millions of dollars, bore testimony to their activity, and to the danger to which, under the new conditions of naval warfare, an unprotected commercial marine is exposed. That these losses were not from expenditure being too narrow, but from the peculiar direction which it had

taken under Mr. Welles, is abundantly shown by his Report of that date. The navy which four years before had counted but 76 ships, in and out of commission, and of these about one half sailing vessels, was now increased to a total of 671. Of this number no less than 71 were iron-clads of different classes, 37 of them of formidable strength and carrying heavy Dahlgren guns; and only 112 of the whole were without steam power, being in fact used for transport purposes.

Whether the fleet thus enumerated is, as Americans openly declare, infinitely beyond any that Europe can show in fighting power, is a question we do not here attempt to decide. Our space does not allow us to do more than indicate some of the more important questions connected with the discussion, and raised by even a cursory view of the performances of the Union navy.

The first of these that naturally occurs is the subject of the exact value and use of Monitors. A quotation we have already given from Mr. Welles's original Report upon these vessels shows clearly that it was not in England or France alone that official men mistrusted their ever being fitted for sea service. That they were at first very much disliked by naval officers, and easily disabled in action, the records of the attack on Charleston abundantly prove. On the other hand, it is certain that Mr. Welles and his advisers have since approved of the construction of Monitors, (the 'Puritan,' 'Dictator,' and 'Roanoke'), built specially for sea service — that the navigation of another large one round to the Pacific has been found by no means so dangerous as was anticipated — that the crews of these vessels have not found them unhealthy — and that the Charleston experience has been wonderfully utilised for the improvement of the mechanism of the turret and ports, so that (as is alleged) the same shots which then produced so much disabling effect, might now be easily endured. The value of these assertions no one is more desirous to see practically tested than Captain Fox himself. As we close these remarks it is announced officially that, under the special sanction of Congress, he has undertaken to bring across the Atlantic a large double-turreted vessel, the 'Miantonomah,' for the conviction of the skeptical ship-designers of Europe;* and in his able

* This vessel is at Spithead at this moment, and she does the greatest credit to the American flag, since it must be confessed that there is not a vessel in the British navy which could destroy her by gunnery, or which she could not destroy. It should be

hands we may well leave the question for the present.

Closely connected with it is that of the American system of heavy smooth-bore guns; for such as those which won the fight of Warsaw Sound — and far more the new 20-inch — are evidently too weighty for any broadside vessel now in use. We know the objection which lies to their moderate charges and the consequent low velocity of their projectiles. On the other hand it is clear that this may yet be overcome by even a slight improvement on the present 'Rodman' method of casting on a cooled bore, or by the use of wrought iron; whilst even as they exist their 450 lbs. and 990 lbs. balls, fired with only $\frac{1}{4}$ th or $\frac{1}{2}$ th charges, are missiles so powerful as none but the highest class of iron-clads could endure. Since the result of all late experiments in Europe is to cast great doubt on the possibility of constructing any large rifled guns which can be relied on for more than a few hundred rounds, we cannot but consider it a very grave question whether our artillerists are right in confining their exertions entirely to their improvement, and leaving it to the Americans to complete to perfection the simpler and more enduring piece which has already done such great things in actual practice. But this subject would demand a special article for discussion, and we therefore pass it by. For the same reason we do not enter on that of the torpedo system of defence and assault, to the practical solution of which the American examples serve — although dimly and incompletely — to point the way.

There is one deduction which might be made from a hasty survey of the naval annals of the war against which we desire to

give an earnest warning. Some will say — as some have already said — that the chief thing shown is the possibility of creating, from private resources during actual war, all that a great contest at sea may require without that elaborate preparation and vast expenditure to which in this country we dedicate millions yearly in time of peace. The example of the Great Republic and the precepts of the successful statesmen who have carried her safely to a triumphant reunion, prove, when closely studied, the very contrary. It cost them years of toil and uncertainty and oceans of expenditure before the naval predominance to which the North had full right was completely asserted. No minister has ever more loudly deprecated the relying too much on private shipyards than Mr. Welles, to whose earnest and repeated recommendation it is due that the Congress is even now engaged on the question of determining the site of a grand dépôt for the future construction of American iron-clads. We in England, if entering into a struggle for that supremacy of the seas which involves the preservation of our own coasts from danger, and the protection of a vast and wide-spread commerce, must look to meeting not a raw seceding province, but Powers who are ready to attack, and will allow us brief space to prepare. A sufficient fleet must in such event be ready, not waiting the chances of a hurried creation. Be then the shock what it may, we doubt not it would be met by hearts as brave, by heads as cool, and arms as skilful, as those of the seamen whose exploits we have here briefly traced. The jealousies of a day, we trust, will die, while common blood and language will create new ties; and Englishmen who desire this, will not be slow to recognise as worthy successors of our great naval chieftains, those names which now fill with pride the hearts of our kinsfolk on the other side of the Atlantic.

stated, however, that this formidable ship, not having adequate propelling power for a long voyage, was chiefly towed across the Atlantic, as her sister-ship the 'Monadnock' was towed round Cape Horn.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY. — By Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S. Bijou Edition. (Moxon & Co.) — What is to be said of a book which can boast of two hundred thousand impressions? In the face of such a fact, can criticism do any-

thing? For our own part, we do not care to do more than record the appearance of this edition of the "Proverbial Philosophy," which is well printed, and ornamented with a pleasant portrait of its handsome author.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

PREFACE.

WE have all of us in the course of our life's journeys sometimes lived for a little while in places which were wearisome and monotonous to us at the time; which had little to attract or to interest; we may have left them without regret, never even wishing to return. But yet as we have travelled away, we may have found that through some subtle and unconscious attraction, sights, sounds, and peculiarities which we thought we had scarcely noticed, seem to be repeating themselves in our brains; the atmosphere of the place seems to be haunting us, as though unwilling to let us escape. And this peculiar distinctness and vividness does not appear to wear out with time and distance. The pictures are like those of a magic-lantern, and come suddenly out of the dimness and darkness, starting into life when the lamp is lighted by some chance association; so clearly and sharply defined and coloured, that we can scarcely believe that they are only reflections from old slides which have been lying in our store for years past.

The slides upon which this little history is painted, somewhat rudely and roughly, have come from Petitport in Normandy, a dull little fishing town upon the coast. It stands almost opposite to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. The place is quite uninteresting, the district is not beautiful, but broad and fertile and sad and pleasant together. The country folks are high-spirited and sometimes gay, but usually grave, as people are who live by the sea. They are a well-grown, stately race, good-mannered, ready and shrewd in their talk and their dealings; they are willing to make friends, but they are at the same time reserved and careful of what they say. English people are little known at Petitport — one or two had stayed at the Château de Tracy "dans le temps," they told me, for Madame her-

self was of English parentage, and so was Madame Fontaine who married from there. But the strangers who came to lodge in the place for the sake of the sea-bathing and the fine sands were from Caen and Bayeux for the most part, and only remained during a week or two.

Except just on fête days and while the bathing time lasted, everything was very still at Petitport. Sometimes all the men would go away together in their boats, leaving the women and children alone in the village. I was there after the bathing season was over, and before the first fishing fleet left. The fishermen's wives were all busy preparing provisions, making ready, sewing at warm clothes, and helping to mend the nets before their husbands' departure. I could see them hard at work through the open doors as I walked up the steep little village street.

There is a precipitous path at the farther end of the village, which leads down to the beach below. One comes to it by some steps which descended along the side of a smart little house built on the very edge of the cliff — a "châlet" they call it. It has many windows and weather-cocks, and muslin curtains and wooden balconies, and there is a sort of embankment or terrace-walk half-way to the sea. This was Madame Fontaine's châlet, the people told me — her husband had left it to her in his last will and testament — but she did not inhabit it. I had never seen any one come out of the place except once a fiercely-capped maid-servant with beetle brows, who went climbing up the hill beyond the châlet, and finally disappeared over its crest. It seemed as if the maid and the house were destined to be blown right away in time; all the winds came rushing across the fields and the country, and beating against the hill-side, and it was a battle to reach the steps which led down to the quiet below. A wide sea is heaving and flashing

at one's feet, as one descends the steep, the boats lie like specks on the shingle, birds go flying wind-blown below one's feet, and the rushing sound of the tide seems to fill the air. When I reached the foot of the cliff at last, I looked about for some place to rest. A young countrywoman was sitting not far off on the side of a boat — a shabby old boat it was, full of water and sand and seaweed, with a patch of deal in its old brown coat. I was tired, and I went and sat down too.

The woman did not look round or make any movement, and remained quite still, a quiet figure against the long line of coast, staring at the receding tide. Some sailors not far off were shouting to one another, and busy with a fishing smack which they had dragged up high and dry and safe from the water. Presently, one of the men came plodding up over the shingle, and I asked him if he wanted his boat.

"Even if I wanted it, I should not think of disturbing you and Mademoiselle Reine," answered the old fellow. He had a kindly puzzled weather-beaten face. "Remain, remain," he said.

"Hé huh!" shouted his companions, filing off, "come and eat." But he paid no attention to their call, and went on talking. He had been out all night, but he had only caught cuttle-fish, he told me. They were not good to eat — they required so much beating before they could be cooked. They seize the boats with their long straggling legs. . . . "Did I hear of their clutching hold of poor old Napon Lefebvre the other day, when she was setting her nets? Mademoiselle Reine could tell me the long and the short of it, for she was on the spot and called for help."

"And you came and killed the beast, and there was an end of it," said Mademoiselle Reine, shortly, glancing round with a pair of flashing bright eyes, and then turning her back upon us once more.

Hers was a striking and heroic type of physiognomy. She interested me then, as she has done ever since that day. There was something fierce, bright, good-humoured about her. There was heart and strength and sentiment in her face — so I thought, at least, as she flashed round upon us. It is a rare combination, for women are not often both gentle and strong. She had turned her back again, however, and I went on talking to the old sailor. Had he had a good season — had he been fortunate in his fishing?

A strange doubting look came into his face, and he spoke very slowly. "I have

read in the Holy Gospels," he said, turning his cap round in his hands, "that when St. Peter and his companions were commanded to let down their nets, they enclosed such a multitude of fishes that their nets brake. I am sorry that the time for miracles is past. I have often caught fish, but my nets have never yet broken from the quantity they contained."

"You are all preparing to start for Dieppe?" I said, to change the subject.

"We go in a day or two," he answered; "perhaps a hundred boats will be starting. We go here, we go there — may be at a league's distance. It is curious to see. We are drifting about; we ask one another, 'Hast thou found the herring?' and we answer, 'No! there is no sign;' and perhaps at last some one says, 'it is at such-and-such a place.' We have landmarks. We have one at Asnelles, for instance," and he pointed to the glittering distant village, on the tongue of land which jutted into the sea at the horizon. "And then it happens," said the old fellow, "that all of a sudden we come upon what we are searching for. . . . We have enough then, for we find them close packed together, like this;" and he pressed his two brown hands against one another.

"And is not that a miracle to satisfy you, Christopher Lefebvre?" said the woman, speaking in a deep sweet voice, with a strange ringing chord in it, and once more flashing round.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, quite seriously, "they are but herrings. Now St. Peter caught trout in his nets. I saw that in the picture which you showed me last Easter, when I went up to Tracy. I am only a rough man," he went on, speaking to me again. "I can't speak like those smart gentlemen from Paris, who make 'calembours,' and who have been to college; you must forgive me if I have offended you, or said anything wrongly. I have only been to one school at our little village; I learnt what I could there. . . ."

"And to that other school, Christopher," said the deep voice again; and the young woman pointed to the sea.

Then he brightened up. "There, indeed, I have learnt a great many things, and I defy any one of those fine gentlemen to teach me a single fact regarding it."

"And yet there are some of them — of the fine gentlemen, as you call them," she said, looking him full in the face, "who are not out of place on board a boat, as you ought to know well enough."

Lefebvre shrugged his shoulders. "Mon-

sieur Richard," he said, "and M. de Tracy too, they liked being on board, and were not afraid of a wetting. Monsieur Fontaine, pauvre homme, it was not courage he wanted. Vous n'avez pas tort, Mademoiselle Reine. Permit me to ask you if you have had news lately of the widow? She is a good and pretty person" (he said to me), "and we of the country all like her.

"She is good and pretty, as you say," answered the young woman shortly. "You ask me for news, Christophe. I had some news of her this morning; Madame Fontaine is going to be married again." And then suddenly turning away, Mademoiselle Reine rose abruptly from her seat and walked across the sands out towards the distant sea.

CHAPTER I.

ADIEU, CHARMANT PLAYS.

FIVE o'clock on a fine Sunday, — western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either side, with tufted grasses and thin straggling flowers growing from the loose arid soil, — far-away promontories, flashing and distant shores, which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles where the ripples meet the sands.

The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant-women, and the wings of the seagulls as they go swimming through the air.

Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the waters. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a daker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sweethearts in their gay-coloured Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossiping together, and baskets and babies, and huge umbrellas. A figure, harlequin-like, all stripes and long legs, suddenly darts from behind a rock, and frisks into the water, followed by a dog barking furiously. More priests go by from the seminary at Asnelles. Then perhaps a sister of charity, with her large flat shoes, accompanied by two grand-looking bonnets.

I believe M. le Sous-préfet himself had been seen on the sands that afternoon, by Marion, by Isabeau, by Madame Potier, and all the village, in short. M. le Maire had also been remarked walking with the English gentleman from the château; one pair of eyes watched the two curiously as they went by. The little Englishman was sauntering in his odd loose clothes; Monsieur Fontaine, the maire, tripping beside him with short, quick military steps, neat gaiters, a cane, thread gloves, and a curly-rimmed Panama hat. M. Fontaine was the taller of the two, but the Englishman seemed to keep ahead somehow, although he only sauntered and dragged one leg lazily after the other. Pélotier the inn-keeper had been parading up and down all the afternoon with his rich and hideous bride. She went mincing along with parasol and mittens and gold earrings and a great gold ring on her forefinger, and a Paris cap stuck over with pins and orange-flowers. She looked daggers at Reine Chrétien, who had scorned Pélotier, and boxed his great red ears, it was said earrings and all. As for Reine she marched past the couple in her Normandy peasant dress, with its beautiful old laces, and gold ornaments, looking straight before her, as she took the arm of her grandfather, the old farmer from Tracy.

Besides these grown-up people there comes occasionally a little flying squadron of boys and girls, rushing along, tumbling down, shouting and screaming at the pitch of their voices, to the scandal of the other children who are better brought up, and who are soberly trotting in their small bourrelets and bibs and blouses by the side of their fathers and mothers. The babies are the solemnest and the funniest of all, as they stare at the sea and the company from their tight maillots or cocons.

The country folks meet, greet one another cheerfully, and part with signs and jokes; the bathers go on shouting and beating the water; the lights dance. In the distance, across the sands, you see the figures walking leisurely, homewards before the tide overtakes them: the sky gleams whiter and whiter at the horizon, and bluer and more blue behind the arid grasses that fringe the overhanging edges of the cliffs.

Four or five little boys come running up one by one, handkerchief-flying umbrella-bearer ahead to the martial sound of a penny trumpet.

The little captain pursues them breathless and exhausted, brandishing his sword in an agony of command. "Soldats," he says, addressing his refractory troops, —

"Soldats, souvenez-vous qu'il ne faut jamais courrir. Soldats ne courrez pas, je vous en prrrrie — une, deux, trois," and away they march to the relief of a sand fort which is being attacked by the sea. And so the day goes on and the children play —

Among the waste and lumber of the shore. Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets, Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn.

And while they build their "castles of dissolving sand to watch them overflow," the air, and the sounds, and the colours in which all these people are moving, seem to grow clearer and clearer; you can see the country people clambering the cliffs behind the village, and hear the voices and the laughter of the groups assembled on the embanked market-place. And meanwhile M. le Maire and the Englishman are walking slowly along the sands towards Tracy — with long grotesque shadows lengthening as the sun begins to set.

"I hope you will revisit our little town before long," M. Fontaine was politely remarking to his companion. "I hear that you start to-morrow, and that Madame de Tracy accompanies you."

"My aunt declares she cannot possibly go alone," said the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders, and speaking in very good French for an Englishman, "or I should have been glad to stay another week."

"You have not yet visited the oyster-park at Courseulles," said M. le Maire, looking concerned. "It is a pity that you depart so soon."

"I am very unfortunate to miss such a chance," said the Englishman, smiling.

The Maire of Petitport seemed to think this a most natural regret. "Courseulles is a deeply-interesting spot, he said. "Strangers travel from far to visit it. You have nothing of the sort in your country, I believe. You would see the education of the oyster there brought to its highest point of perfection. They are most intelligent animals, I am assured; one would not have imagined it. You would see them sorted out according to size, in commodious tanks. Every variety is there — from enormous patriarchal oysters to little baby ones, *en maillet*, I may say. The returns are enormous, I believe. And then you have such a fine air at Courseulles; magnificent plains — a vast horizon — no trees, nothing to interrupt the coup-d'œil. The effect of the moon shining on the marshes and the establishment is really striking."

"I think old Chrétien has a share in the concern," said the Englishman.

"Mademoiselle Reine and her grandfather are very reserved upon the subject, and I have never been able to ascertain exactly what their percentage amounts to," said Fontaine, confidentially holding up one thin hand. I know that she drives over once a month in her spring-cart, to superintend the affairs. She is a person, as you are aware, of great method and order; and indeed, in affairs, it is absolutely necessary."

"She seems to manage the farm very fairly," said the other. "Old Chrétien is a stupid old fellow, always drinking cider; he don't seem to do much else."

"Alas, no!" replied Fontaine. "I look upon drunkenness as a real misfortune. He has told me in confidence that he cannot exist without the stimulant of cider. Even Mademoiselle Reine cannot persuade him to abandon it."

"I cannot imagine anybody having any difficulty in refraining from cider," said the other, smiling again. "She was good to give me some the other day, with soupe aux choux; and I confess —

"Comment, Monsieur Butler! You do not like our cider?" said the maire, looking quite surprised. "It is because you have the taste of your 'potter' still in your mouth. Come back to us, and I promise to convert you."

"Very well, that is a bargain," said Butler, looking about him a little distractedly. Madame Pelottier, who happened to be passing, imagined that he was admiring her elegance. She drew herself up, stuck out her forefinger, and bowed. The maire, with a brisk glissade, returned the salute.

"I sometimes ask, Fontaine remarked, as he replaced his curly-rimmed hat, "how that excellent fellow, Pelottier, can have married himself with that monstrous person. She brought him, it is true, an excellent dot and a good connection at Caen, also at Bayeux; but in his place nothing would have persuaded me to unite myself with a young lady so disgracious and so ill brought-up."

"Then you have thought of marrying again?" asked Butler, glancing at the spruce figure beside him.

The maire looked conscious, and buttoned his coat. "I once contemplated some proposals," he said, "to a person who was well-off, and who might have made an amiable mother to my child, but the affair came to nothing. I do not mind telling you it was Mademoiselle Chrétien herself that I had in

view. After all, why should I marry? Hein? My good mother takes care of my little son; my father-in-law is much attached to him; I have an excellent cuisinière, entirely devoted to our family—you know Justine? Sometimes," said M. Fontaine, gazing at the sea, "a vague feeling comes over me that, if I could find a suitable person, life would appear less monotonous, more interesting. I should feel more gay, in better spirits, with the society of an agreeable companion. These are mere reveries, the emotions of a poetic imagination; for where am I to find the person?"

"Is there much difficulty," said Butler, amused:

"I do not generally mention it, but I do not mind telling you," said M. Maire, "that our family, through misfortunes—by the stupidity of some, the ill-conduct of others—no longer holds the place in society to which it is entitled. But I do not forget that I belong to an ancient race. I would wish for a certain refinement in my future companion which I cannot discover among the ladies of this vicinity. There is nothing to suit me at Bayeux; at Caen I may possibly discover what I require. I shall certainly make inquiries on my next visit."

"And so you did not arrange matters with Mademoiselle Reine?" said the Englishman.

"Steps were taken," M. Fontaine replied, mysteriously nodding his head, but without any result. I for one do not regret it. With all her excellent qualities and her good blood—her mother was of a noble house, we all know—there is a certain abruptness—in a word, Mademoiselle Reine is somewhat bourgeoise in her manner, and I am not sorry that the transaction fell through. Old Père Chrétien required me to produce a sum out of all reason. Neither he nor Mademoiselle Reine were in the least accommodating——Ha, Madame Michaud—Madame!" a bow, a flourish of the Panama to a stout old lady with a clean cap and a parasol. The maire had held Butler fast for the last half hour, and might have gone on chattering indefinitely, if the Englishman, seeing him involved with his new friend, had not pulled out his watch and escaped, saying he must go home. The maire took a disconsolate leave. Nemesis, in the shape of Madame Michaud, with some wrongs and a great deal to say about them, had overtaken M. le Maire and held him fast prisoner, while Richard Butler marched off with that odd sauntering walk of his, and made the best of his way to the château.

He tramped along the foot of the cliff, crunching over seaweed and stones and mussel-shells. He passed old Nanette Lefebvre trimming her nets, sitting in a heap on the sand, with her bare legs in huge wooden sabots, and her petticoats tucked up. Though it was a fête day, the old fish-wife could not afford to miss her chance of a *bonne aubaine*. "J'allons mettre mes filets à la basse marée," said Nanon, quite contented. "Je vous souhaite le bonsoir, mon petit monsieur." Mr. Hook might have made a pretty sketch of the old brown face with the shrewd black eyes, and the white coif, of the crisp rocks, the blue sea, and the tattered striped petticoat. A peculiar brightness and clearness of atmosphere is like a varnish to the live pictures one meets with at every turn on the shores yonder. The colours are fainter and brighter than in England, the backgrounds lie flat, undiversified, scantily broken by trees, but the figures stand out in pale relief, with a grace, an unconscious pastoral sentiment, that is almost unknown among us. Have we not outgrown the charm of tradition, old songs and saws, and ways and appliances, national dress, and simple country life? Faded, battered wire bonnets; vulgarity, millinery, affectation, parasols, crinolines—it seems strange that such things should so surely supersede in time all the dear and touching relics of the bygone still life of our ancestors. Perhaps a day will come when the old charm will exorcise the land again, bringing back its songs and rural poetry, its grace and vanishing sentiment.

It almost appears as if consciousness destroyed and blighted whatever it laid its fatal hand upon. We have all learnt to love and admire art in our daily life, and to look for it here and there; but as we look, somehow, as we exclaim,—here or there behold it!—the fairies vanish, the birds fly away, the tranquil silence is broken, the simple unconsciousness is gone for ever, and you suddenly awake from your pleasant dream. A ruin enclosed by a wall and viewed with a ticket, a model old woman in a sham rustic cottage at the park gate; even the red cloaks of the village children which the lady at the hall brought down from Marshall and Snellgrove's, when she was in town last Tuesday—all these only become scenes in a pantomime somehow. In these days, one is so used to sham and imitation, and Brummagem, that when by chance one comes to the real thing, it is hard to believe in it. At least, so Butler thought, as he trudged along.

Presently he began to climb the cliff, and

he reached the top at last with the great fields and the sea on either side, and the fresh breezes blowing. He did not go into the village, but turned straight off and strode up the hill. He passed groups all along the road, resting or plodding through the dust. The west was all aglow with sunset, great ranges of cloud mountains were coming from a distance and hanging overhead in the sky. He beheld fiery lakes, calm seas, and wonderful countries. He could see land and sky and sea glowing for miles and miles in wreathing vapours of loveliest tint, and golden sun-floods. Butler trudged along, admiring, wondering, and at the same time with his head full of one thing and another.

He was loth enough to go, but there was no help for it. He had been in scrapes and troubles at home, and had come away for a change, and now he felt that he should get into a scrape if he stayed and they had sent for him home again. His uncle, Charles Butler, had paid his debts once more, and his uncle Hervey had written him a lofty and discursive epistle conveying his forgiveness, desiring him to come back to his work and his studio. His aunt, Madame de Tracy, announced that she would accompany him to England, spend a short time with her two brothers, and make the way smooth for her nephew. Madame de Tracy had but ten fingers, but if she had possessed twenty she would have wished to make use of each one of them in that culinary process to which the old proverb alludes. Her efforts had never been successful as far as Butler was concerned.

Dick, as his friends call him, had been cursed with a facility for getting into scrapes all his lifetime. He had an odd fantastic mind, which had come to him no one knew how or why. He was sensitive, artistic, appreciative. He was vain and diffident; he was generous and selfish; he was warm-hearted, and yet he was too much a man of the world not to have been somewhat tainted by its ways. Like other and better men, Dick's tastes were with the aristocracy, his sympathies with the people. He was not strong enough to carry out his own theories, though he could propound them very eloquently, in a gentle drawing voice, not unpleasant to listen to. He was impressionable enough to be easily talked over and persuaded for a time, but there was with it all a fund of secret obstinacy and determination which would suddenly re-assert itself, at inconvenient moments sometimes. In that last scrape of his, Dick having first got deeply into debt, in a moment of aberration

had proposed to a very plain but good-natured young lady with a great deal of money. He had made the offer at the instigation of his relations, and to quiet them and deliver himself from their persecutions, and he then behaved shamefully, as it is called, for he was no sooner accepted, to his surprise and consternation, than he wrote a very humble but explicit note to the heiress, telling her that the thing was impossible. That she must forgive him if she could, but he felt that the mercenary motives which had induced him to come forward were so unworthy of her and of himself, that the only course remaining to him was to confess his meanness and to throw himself upon her good-nature. Poor Dick! the storm which broke on his curly head was a terrible one. He had fled in alarm.

His curly head had stood him in stead of many a better quality; his confidence and good manners had helped him out of many a well-deserved scrape, but he was certainly no sinewy hero, no giant, no Titan, like those who have lately revisited the earth — (and the circulating libraries, to their very great advantage and improvement). — So far he was effeminate that he had great quickness of perception, that he was enthusiastic and self-indulgent, and shrunk from pain for himself or for others. He had been petted and spoiled in his youth, and he might have been a mere puppet and a walking gentleman to this day, if it had not been for that possession, the odd little craze in his mind which seemed to bring him to life somehow, and force him into independence and self-denial; and Charles Butler, his eldest uncle, used to make jokes at him, or occasionally burst out in a fume when Dick gravely assured him he believed himself possessed and unaccountable for his actions. But for all his vexation, the old man could not resist the young fellow's handsome face, and his honest, unaffected ways, and his cleverness and his droll conceit, and humility, and grateful ingratitude, so to speak. His scrapes, after all, were thoughtless, not wicked ones, and so old Butler paid and paid, and preached a little, and jibed a great deal, and offered him regular employment, but Dick would not be regularly employed, and would not be helped, would not be made angry; it seemed all in vain to try to influence him.

"If your pictures were worth the canvas," the old fellow would say, "I should be only too thankful to see you so harmlessly occupied; but what is this violet female biting an orange, and standing with her toes turned in and her elbows turned out? P. R. B's.

I have no patience with the nonsense. Pray, were Sir Joshua, and Lawrence, and Gainsborough, and Romney, before Raphael or after? and could they paint a pretty woman, or could they not?"

"They could paint in their way," Dick would answer twirling his moustache, "and I, probably, can appreciate them better than you can, sir. You haven't read my article in the *Art Review*, I see." And then the two would talk away at one another for an hour or more. It all ended in Dick going his own way, wasting his time, throwing away opportunities, picking up shreds that he seemed to have thrown away, making friends wherever he went, with the children of light or of darkness as the case might be.

As Dick walked along the high road to Tracy this afternoon, he replied to one greeting and another: good-humoured looking women stepping out by their men-companions, grinned and nodded to him as they passed on; children trotting along the road cried out, "Bon-soir," in the true Normandy sing-song. Butler occasionally interrupted his somewhat remorseful meditations to reply to them. "What a fool he was!" he was thinking. Alas! this is often what people are thinking as they walk for a little way alone along the high road of life. How he had wasted his youth, his time, his chances. Here he was, at eight-and-twenty, a loiterer in the race. He had tried hard enough at times, but life had gone wrong with him somehow. "Why was he always in trouble?" poor Butler asked himself; "dissatisfied, out of pocket and temper? Why was he unhappy now when matters were beginning to brighten, and one more chance offered itself for him to retrieve the past?" He had a terror lest the future should only be a repetition of times gone by — thoughtless imprudence, idleness, recklessness. — He thought if he could turn his back upon it all, and take up a new life under another name, he would be well content, — if he could put on a blouse and dig in the fields like these sunburnt fellows, and forget all cares and anxieties and perplexities in hard physical labour and fatigue. A foolish passionate longing for the simpler forms of life had come over him of late. He was sick of cities, of men, of fine ladies, of unsuccessful efforts, of constant disappointment and failure. He was tired of being tired and of the problems of daily life which haunted and perplexed him. Here, perhaps, he might be at peace, living from day to day and from hour to hour.

And yet he felt that the best and truest part of him, such as it was, was given to

his art, and that he would sacrifice everything, every hope for better things, if he sacrificed to weariness, to laziness, — to a fancy, — what he would not give up for expediency and success. He was no genius, he could not look for any brilliant future; he was discouraged and out of heart. He blinked with his short-sighted eyes across the country towards a hollow far away, where a farmstead was nestling; he could see the tall roof gleaming among the trees and the stacks. How loth he was to go. He imagined himself driving cattle to market along the dusty roads; bargaining; hiring labourers, digging drains, tossing hay into carts; training fruit-trees, working in the fields. It was an absurdity, and Butler sighed, for he knew it was absurd. He must go, whether he would or not; he had seen the last of the place and the people in it; he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of good and of evil, it was too late, he could not be Adam living with his Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was a garden full of apples, bounteous, fruitful, which was spread out before him, stretching from the lilac hills all down to the sea, but it was not the Garden of Eden. Had Eve bright quick brown eyes, Butler wondered; did she come and go busily? did she make ciders and salads, and light fires of dried sticks in the evenings? Did she carefully pick up the fruit that fell to the ground and store it away? did she pull flowers to decorate her bower with, and feed the young heifers with leaves out of her hand? Did she scatter grain for the fowls of the air? did she call all the animals by their names and fondle them with her pretty slim fingers? did she, when they had been turned out of Paradise, weave garments for himself and for Adam with a spinning-wheel, as Butler had seen the women use in these parts? Had she a sweet odd voice with a sort of chord in it? Dick sighed again and walked on quickly, watching a great cloud-ship high overhead. And as he walked writing his cares with his footsteps on the dust, as Carlyle says somewhere, a cart which had been jolting up the hill-side passed him on the road.

It was full of country-people: a young man with a flower stuck into his cap was driving, an old man was sitting beside him. Inside the cart were three women and some children. One little fellow was leaning right over, blowing a big trumpet and holding a flag. The other children were waving branches and pulling at a garland of vine-leaves, of which one end was dragging, baskets were slung to the shafts below, two dogs were following and barking, while the

people in the cart were chaunting a sort of chorus as they went jolting along the road.

They sang while the children waved their branches in accompaniment. It looked like a christening party, with the white ribbons and flowers. One of the young women held a little white baby in her arms: another sat as if she was in a boat, holding fast a pretty little curly-headed girl, while the other arm dropped loosely over the side.

As the cart jogged past him, the children recognized Butler, who was well known to them, and they began to call to him and to wave their toys to attract his attention. The two men took off their caps, the women nodded, and went on singing; all except the young woman who had been leaning back—she looked up, smiled, and made the little girl next her kiss her hand to the wayfarer.

"Good-by, Reine," said Butler, in English, starting forward. "I'm going to-morrow."

Reine, jogging away, did not seem to understand what he said—she stretched out her long neck, half turned to the others, then looked back again at Dick. The other two women did not heed her, but went on shrilly chaunting—

Si le chemin nous ennuie
L'un à l'autre nous boirons !

And a second verse—

Voici tous gens de courage
Lesquels s'en vont en voyage
Jusque par-de-là des monts
Faire ce pèlerinage.
Tous boire nous ne pouvons.
Que la bouteille on n'oublie.
En regrettant Normandie.
En regrettant

went the chorus with the men's voices joining in. There was a sudden decline in the hill, and the horse that had been going slowly before, set off at a trot. Reine was still leaning back and looking after Butler. Dick never turned his head as he walked quietly on towards Tracy. It seemed to him as if the sun had set suddenly, and that a cold east wind was coming up from the sea.

The cart jogged off towards the farmstead which Dick had seen nestling among the trees—Dick went on his road through the growing dusk. About half an hour later. Madame Michaud, belated and in a great hurry, drove past him in her little open gig; she pulled up, however, to offer him a lift, which Butler declined with thanks.

The road makes a sudden turn about a mile before you reach the château, and Dick could perceive the glow of the windows of the old place already beginning to light up. He could also see a distant speck of light in the plain, shining through darker shadow. Had Reine reached home, he wondered? was that the flare of the Colza blaze through the open door of the dwelling, or the lamp placed in the window as a signal to Dominic and her grandfather that supper was ready? "It is as well I am going to-morrow," Butler ruefully thought once more.

It was almost dark by the time he reached the iron gates of the château de Tracy, where his dinner was cooking, and his French relations were awaiting his return. They were sitting out—dusky forms of aunts and cousins—on chairs and benches, upon the terrace in front of the old place, enjoying the evening breeze, fresh though it was. English people would have huddled into cloaks and bonnets, or gathered round close up to the woodfire in the great bare saloon on a night like this; but French people are less cautious and chilly than we are, and indeed there are no insidious damps lurking in the keen dry atmosphere of Normandy, no hidden dangers to fear as with us. To-night the mansarde windows in the high roof, the little narrow windows in the turret, and many of the shuttered casements down below were lighted up brightly. The old house looked more cheerful than in the daytime, when to English eyes a certain mouldiness and neglect seemed to hang about the place. Persons passing by at night, when the lamps were lighted, travellers in the diligence from Bayeux, and other wayfarers, sometimes noticed the old château blazing by the roadside, and speculated dimly,—as people do when they see signs of an unknown life,—as to what sort of people were living, what sort of a history was passing, behind the grey walls. There would be voices on the terrace, music coming from the open windows. The servants clustering round the gates, after their work was over, would greet the drivers of the passing vehicles. As the diligence pulled up, something would be handed down, or some one would get out of the interior, and vanish into this unknown existence—the cheerful voices would exchange good-nights. . . . When Richard Butler first came he arrived by this very Bayeux diligence, and he was interested and amused as he would have been by a scene at the play.

It was by this same Bayeux diligence that he started early the next morning after his

walk along the cliff. Madame de Tracy, who always wanted other people to alter their plans suddenly at the last moment, and for no particular reason had endeavoured to persuade her nephew to put off his departure for twenty-four hours. But Dick was uneasy, and anxious to be off. He had made up his mind that it was best to go, and this waiting about and lingering was miserable work. Besides, he had received a letter from a friend, who was looking out for him at a certain shabby little hotel at Caen, well known to them both. Dick told his aunt that he would stay there and wait until she came the next day, but that he should leave Tracy by the first diligence in the morning; and for once he spoke as if he meant what he said.

And so it was settled, and Richard packed up his picture overnight, and went off at seven o'clock, without his breakfast, in the rattling little diligence. An unexpected pleasure was in store for him. He found M. Fontaine already seated within it, tightly wedged between two farmers' wives, who were going to market with their big baskets and umbrellas, and their gold earrings and banded caps. M. le Maire was going into Bayeux, "*pour affaire*," he informed the company. But Richard Butler was silent, and little inclined for the conversation which M. Fontaine tried to keep up as well as he could through the handles of the baskets with his English friend, with the other occupants of the vehicle, and with the ladies on his right and his left. He suited his subjects to his auditory. He asked Madame Nicholas if she was going to the fair at Crenilly, and if she had reason to believe that there would be as much amusement there this year as the last. He talked to Madame Binaud of the concert in the church the week before, and of the sum which M. le Curé had cleared by the entertainment. To Dick he observed, in allusion to his intended journey, "What a wonderful power is *le steam*! You can, if you choose, dine at Paris to-night, and breakfast in London to-morrow morning. What should we do," asked Fontaine, "without the aid of this useful and surprising invention?"

"Eh bien! moi qui vous parle, Monsieur le Maire," said Madame Binaud — "I have never yet been in one of those machines à vapeur, nor do I ever desire to go. Binaud, he went up to Paris last harvest-time, and he came back, sure enough. But I don't like them," said Madame Binaud, shaking her head, and showing her white teeth.

Madame Binaud was a Conservative. She was very stout, and wore a high cap with big flaps that were somewhat out of date.

Madame Nicholas was a bright, lively little woman, with a great store of peaches in her basket, a crinoline, a Paris cap, and all the latest innovations.

They went on slowly climbing the hill for some time, and as they turned a corner, Dick caught one more sight of Petitport, all white against the blue sea, and very distinct in the early morning light. Then the diligence rolled on more quickly, and the great towers of Bayeux Cathedral came rising across the plain. Butler looked back again and again, but he could see the village no more. What was the charm which attracted him so strangely to the poor little place? he asked himself. Did he love the country for its own sake, or only for the sake of the people he left there? But the diligence was banging and rattling over the Bayeux stones by this time, and it was no use asking himself any more questions.

"Monsieur," solemnly said Madame Binaud, as she and her friend prepared to get down, "*je vous salue un bon voyage*."

"Bon jour, messieurs!" said Madame Nicholas, cheerfully, while M. Fontaine carefully handed out the ladies' baskets and umbrellas, and a pair of sabots belonging to Madame Binaud.

The maire himself descended at the bankers'. It was an old-fashioned porte-cochère, leading into a sunny, deserted courtyard. M. Fontaine stood in the doorway. He was collecting his mind for one last parting effort. "My dear fren'! good voyage," he said in English, waving his Panama, as Dick drove off to the station.

M. Fontaine accomplished his business, and jogged back to petitport in the diligence that evening, once more in company with Madame Binaud, and Madame Nicholas, who had disposed of her peaches.

"Il est gentil, le petit Monsieur Anglais," said Madame Nicholas. "Anglais, Allemand; c'est la même chose, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur Fontaine?"

"Not at all, not at all; the nations are entirely distinct," says Fontaine — delighted to have an opportunity of exhibiting his varied information before the passengers.

"I should like to know where he has got to by this time," said Madame Binaud, solemnly nodding her stupid old head.

Dick is only a very little way off, sitting upon a pile, and saying farewell for a time to the country he loves. "Adieu, charmant pays de France," he is whistling somewhat dolefully.

There is a river, and some people are sitting on some logs of wood which have been

left lying along the embankment, there is a dying sunstreak in the west, and the stars are quietly brightening overhead.

The water reflects the sunstreak and the keels of the ships which are moored to the quai. Beyond the quai the river flows across a plain, through gray and twilight mystery towards Paris with its domes and triumphal arches miles and miles away. Here, against the golden-vaulted background, crowd masts and spires and gable-roofs like those of a goblin city, and casements from which the lights of the old town are beginning to shine and to be reflected in the water.

The old town whose lights are kindling is Caen in Normandy. The people who are sitting on the logs are some country folks, and two English travellers who have strolled out with their cigars after dinner.

It seemed a favourite hour with the Caennois; many townsfolk are out and about. They have done their day's work, their suppers are getting ready by the gleaming gable lights, and before going in to eat, to rest, to sleep, they come to breathe the cool air, to look at the shipping, to peer down into the dark waters, and to stroll under the trees of the Cours. The avenues gloom damp and dark and vaporous in the twilight, but one can imagine some natures liking to walk under trees at night and to listen to the dreary chirping of the crickets. For English people who have trees and shady groves at home, there are other things to do at Caen besides strolling along the dark Cours. There are the quais, and the quaint old courts and open squares, and the busy old streets all alight and full of life. They go climbing, descending, ascending with gables and corners, where shrines are and turrets with weathercocks, and bits of rag hanging from upper windows; carved lintels, heads peeping from the high casements, voices calling, pigeons flying and perching, flowers hanging from topmost stories, and then over all these the upward spires and the ivy-grown towers of the old castle standing on the hill, and down below crumbling Roman walls and green moats all luxuriant with Autumn garlands. All day long the bright Norman sky had been shining upon the gardens' and hill-sides, and between the carved stones and parapets and high roofs of the city.

Richard Butler had been wandering about all the afternoon in this pleasant confusion of sight, and sound, and bright colour. He had missed the friend he expected to meet, but this did not greatly affect him, for he knew he would turn up that

night at the hotel—at the table-d'hôte most likely; and, in the meantime, wandering round and about, stopping at every corner, looking into every church, noting the bright pictures, framed as it were in the arches, staring up at the gables, at the quaint wares in the shops; making mental notes of one kind and another, which might be useful some day—he had spent a tranquil solitary afternoon. He had seen a score of subjects; once sitting on a bench in one of the churches, a side door had opened, and with a sudden flood of light from a green courtyard outside, an old bent woman came in, carrying great bunches of flowers. She came slowly out of the sunlight, and went with dragging step to the altar of the beautiful white Virgin, where the tapers were burning. And then she placed the flowers on the altar and crept away. Here was a subject, Butler thought, and he tried to discover why it affected him? A pretty young girl tripping in, blushing with her offering and her petition, would not have touched him as did the sight of this lonely and aged woman, coming sadly along with her fresh wreaths and nosegays. Poor soul! what can she have to pray for? "Her flowers should be withered immortelles," he thought, but the combinations of real life do not *pose* for effect, and the simple, natural incongruities of every day are more harmonious than any compositions or allusions, no matter how elaborate. Butler thought of Uhland's chaplet, "Es pflückte blümlein männiglich," and taking out his notebook he wrote down—

"Old people's petitions, St. G. 4 o'clock. Offering up flowers, old woman blue petticoat, white stripe. Pointed Gothic doorway, light from l to r through Red St. glass. Uhland."

The next place into which he strolled was a deserted little court of exchange, silent and tenantless, though the great busy street rolled by only a few score yards away. There were statues in florid niches, windows behind, a wonder of carved stonework, of pillars, of polished stems and brackets. It was a silent little nook, with the deep sky shining overhead, and the great black shadows striking and marking out the lovely ornaments which patient hands had carved and placed upon the stone. It was all very sympathetic and resting to his mind. It was like the conversation of a friend, who sometimes listens, sometimes discourses, saying all sorts of pleasant things; suggesting, turning your own dull and wearied thoughts into new ideas, brightening as you brighten, inter-

esting you, leading you away from the worn-out old dangerous paths where you were stumbling and struggling, and up and down which you had been wandering as if bewitched.

Dick went back to the table-d'hôte at five o'clock, and desired the waiter to keep a vacant seat beside him. Before the soupe had been handed round, another young man not unlike Dick in manner, but taller and better looking, came strolling in, and with a nod and a smile, and a shake of the hand, sat down beside him.

"Where have you been?" said Dick.

"Looking for you," said the other. "Brittany—that sort of thing. Have you got on with your picture?"

"Yes," Butler answered, "finished it, and begun another. You know I'm on my way home. Better come, too, Beamish, and help me to look after all my aunt's boxes."

"Which aunt's boxes?" said Beamish, eagerly.

"Not Mrs. Butler's," Dick answered, smiling. "But Catherine is flourishing, at least she was looking very pretty when I came away, and will, I have no doubt, be very glad to see me again."

And then, when dinner was over, and the odd-looking British couples had retired to their rooms, the two young men lighted their cigars, and strolled out across the Place together, went out and sat upon the log, until quite late at night, talking and smoking together in the quiet and darkness.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO CATHERINES.

THERE are some things dull and shabby and uninteresting to one person, which to another are all shining with a mysterious light and glamour of their own. A dingy London hall, with some hats on pegs, a broad staircase with a faded blue and yellow Turkey carpet, occasionally a gloomy echoing of distant plates, and unseen pots and pans in the kitchens below; a drawing-room up above, the piano which gives out the usual tunes over and over again, like a musical snuff-box; the sofa, the table, the side-table, the paper-cutter, the *Edinburg*, and the *Cornhill*, and the *Saturday Review*; the usual mamma with her lace-cap, sitting on the sofa, the other lady at the writing-table, the young man just going away standing by the fire-place, the two young ladies sitting in the window with

waves of crinoline and their heads dressed. The people outside the window passing, re-passing, and driving through Eaton Square, the distant unnoticed drone of an organ, the steeple of St. Peter's Church. This one spot, so dull, so strange to Madame de Tracy after her own pleasant green pastures, so like a thousand others to a thousand other people, was so unlike to one poor little person I know of; its charm was so strange and so powerful, that she could scarcely trust herself to think of it at one time. In after years she turned from the remembrance with a constant pain and effort, until at last by degrees the charm travelled elsewhere, and the sunlight lit up other places.

My little person is only Miss George, a poor little twenty-year-old governess, part worried, part puzzled, part sad, and part happy too, for mere youth and good spirits. You can see it all in her round face, which brightens, changes, smiles, and saddens many times a day. She catches glimpses of the Paradise I have been describing as she runs up and down stairs in pursuit of naughty, refractory Augusta, or dilatory little Sarah, or careless Lydia, who has lost her lesson and her pinafore and her pocket-handkerchief, or of Algy, whose life hangs by a leather strap as he slides up and down the precipitous banisters, and suspends himself from the landing by various contrivances of his own. "What a noise those children are making," says the aunt, looking up from her letter to the mamma, in the drawing-room. The young man shuts the door as the little person goes past flying after Algy; she captures him, and brings him back a sulky little prisoner to the schoolroom on the stairs, where she herself, under the grand-sounding title of "governess," is a prisoner too. In this Domestic Bastille, with its ground-glass windows, from which escape is impossible—for they look into the areas deep down below, and into mews where there are horses and coachmen constantly passing—all the ancient terrors and appliances are kept up. Solitary confinement, the Question by Torture (Pin-nock, Mangnall, &c. are the names given by the executioners to the various instruments). The thumbscrew stands in one corner of the room, with a stool which turns round and round, according to the length of the performer's legs; a registry is kept of secret marks where the various crimes and offences are noted down. Heavy fines are supposed to be levied; utter silence and implicit obedience are requested. But all this is only in theory after all; the prison-

ers have conspired, mutinied, and carried everything before them since Miss George's dominion set in. She presides in her official chair by the table, with her work in her hand, looking very bright and pretty, not in the least like a governess. All the things about her look like a schoolroom; the walls and the maps, and the drugget, and the crumpled chintz. There are a few brown-paper books in the cases, and there is a worn-out table-cover on the table, and a blotted inkstand. There are blots everywhere, indeed, inside the books, on the chairs, under the table, on the ceiling, where ingenious Algy, with a squirt, has been able to write his initials and those of Miss Cornelia Bouchon, a former governess; there are blots on the children's fingers and elbows, and on Sarah's nose, and all over Augusta's exercise; only Miss George seems free from the prevailing epidemic.

There she sits, poor little soul! round-faced, dark-eyed; laughing sometimes, and scolding at others, looking quite desperate very often; as her appealing glances are now cast at Algy, now at Augusta or Lydia, as the case may be. Little Sarah is always good and gives no trouble; but the other three are silly children and tiresome occasionally. The governess is very young and silly, too, for her age, and quite unfitted for her situation. To-day the children are especially lively and difficult to deal with. An aunt arriving in a cab, with a French maid with tall grey boxes; with chocolate in her bag; with frizz curls and French boots, and a funny-looking bonnet; welcoming, embracing, expeditions proposed; Dick with a bag slung across his shoulder; the spare room made ready, a dinner-party to-morrow, the play on Thursday, Augusta and Lydia to appear at breakfast in their afternoon dresses — (so Streatton, their mother's maid, had decreed): all this is quite enough to excite such very excitable young people. Algy nearly dislocates every joint in his body; Augusta reads her history in a loud drawing voice, without paying attention to the stops, and longs to be grown up like Catherine and Georgie. Lydia ponders on her aunt's attire, and composes rich toilets in the air for herself, such as she should like to wear if she were married and a French countess like her aunt Matilda. Sarah nibbles her chocolate and learns her poetry distractedly; even Miss George finds it difficult to keep up her interest in the battle of Tewkesbury which happened so many years ago, when all sorts of exciting things are going on at that very instant, perhaps, just outside the schoolroom door.

There is a sound of rustling, of voices, of discussion. Presently the mother's voice is raised above the rest. "Catherine, make haste; the horses are here," she calls.

Miss George blushes up and says, with a little cough, — "Go on, my dear Gussie."

"Kitty," cries another voice, "don't forget to leave the note for Dick."

And Miss George gives another little gulp. It is very foolish; she does not know how foolish and how much she minds it, or I think she would try to struggle against the feeling. She, too, used to be called "Kitty," "Cathy," "Catherine," once upon a time when she was seventeen. But that was three years ago, and no one ever says anything but "Miss George" now, except Algy, who sometimes cries out, "Hullo, George, you have got another new bonnet!" Even that is better than being a "Miss" always from one day's end to another, and from morning to night, poor little "George" thinks.

All day long, it seems to her, outside the schoolroom door she hears voices calling — fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, —

"Catherine, the horses are here! Catherine, we are all waiting for you! Catherine, some flowers have come for you!"

As I have said, the schoolroom was on the drawing-room stairs, and the children and the governess could hear all that passed. It did seem a little hard sometimes that all the happiness and love, and all the fun and delight of life, and the hope and the care and the protection, should be for one Catherine — all the hard work and the struggles and loneliness and friendlessness for the other. Music, bright days, pleasant talk, sympathy, pearls, turquoises, flowers, pretty things, beautiful dresses, for one — only slate pencils scratching, monotony, silence, rules, rulers, ink blots, unsatisfied longings, ill-written exercises, copy-books, thumbed-out dictionaries, for the other. There are days when Miss George finds it very hard to listen with lively interest to Augusta's reluctant account of the battle of Tewkesbury. The sun shines, the clock ticks, birds hop up on the window-ledge, pens scratch on the paper, people come and talk outside the door, everything happens to distract. Thoughts comes buzzing and fancies bewilder.

"That is Mr. Beamish's voice," Lydia would say, pricking up her ears. "How often he comes."

"No; it is cousin Dick," said Augusta, "he is going to ride out with them. Oh, how I wish they would take me too."

"Go on, my dear, with your reading," says the governess, sternly.

"She advanced through the counties of

Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester, increasing her army on each day's march," says the little lectress, in a loud disgusted voice; "each day's . . . but was at last overtaken by the rapid — the rapid and expeditious Edward!" —

"It is Mr. Beamish, Miss George," said Lydia, complacently.

And then Mrs. Butler was heard through the keyhole, saying — "We must dine at six o'clock, and mind you bring Richard, Mr. Beamish. Tell him his aunt, Madame de Tracy, desires him to come."

"Go on, my dear," says Miss George.

"On the banks of the Severn," Augusta continues. And there the armies apparently come to a dead stop, for some one is heard to say something about "the children too."

"Certainly not," replies the mother's voice, and so Gussie begins again in crestfallen tones: —

"The Lancastrians were here totally defeated. The Earl of Devonshire and Lord Wenloc were killed on the field. The Duke of Somerset and about twenty other persons of distinction, having taken shelter in a church, were surrounded, dragged out, and immediately beheaded."

"Miss George, have you ever seen an execution?" says Sarah.

"I should like to see one," says Algy, in an off-hand way. "I shall get papa to take me, or cousin Dick. I'm sure he will if I ask him."

"You horrid children!" says Miss George; "how can you talk about such dreadful things. Please, dear Algy, do your sum, and don't draw blocks and heads. Go on, Augusta."

"Queen Margaret and her son were taken prisoners," said Augusta, "and brought to the king, who asked the prince after an insulting manner, how he dared to invade his dominions."

"The young prince, more mindful of his high birth than of his present fortune, replied that he came thither to claim his just inheritance; the ungenerous Edward, insensible to pity, struck him on the face with his gauntlet," — "Oh!" says Sarah, reproachfully, — "and the Dukes of Clarence and Glou!" — But here the door opened and instead of heroic and unfortunate princes, of kings savage and remorseless, of wicked uncles and fierce bearded barons, and heart-broken and desperate queens, a beautiful young lady came into the room in a riding-habit, smiling, with her gold hair in a net. This was poor Catherine's shadow, her namesake, the happy Catherine, who haunted and vexed and

charmed her all at once, who stood in the open doorway, with all the sunshine behind her, and was saying it was her birthday, and the little prisoners were to be set free.

"You will be able to go and see your sisters, Miss George," Miss Butler says, smiling, "for mamma is going to take the children out to lunch and for all the afternoon."

"And where are you going to? tell me, tell me, Kitty, please tell me," says Augusta, flinging her arms round her.

"I am going to ride in the park with papa and Georgie and Mr. Beamish," said Catherine, "and this afternoon Aunt Matilda wants us to go to Sydenham with her."

"What fun you do have, to be sure!" said Augusta, with a long groan.

And then one of the voices as usual cries, "Catherine, Catherine," from below, and smiling once more, and nodding to them, the girl runs downstairs into the hall, where her father and the others are waiting, impatient to ride away into the bright summer parks.

The children went off much excited half-an-hour later, Augusta chattering, Lydia bustling and consequential, and carrying a bag; Algy indulging in various hops, jerks, and other gymnastic signs of content, Sarah saying little, but looking all round eyes and happiness. Lunch with their cousins — shopping with mamma — the Zoological Gardens — buns for the bears — nuts for the monkeys — there seemed to be no end of delights in store for them as they tripped downstairs all ribbon-ends and expectation.

"Good-by, Miss George," cried Lydia.

"Good-by, horrid schoolroom," said Augusta.

"I do so like going out with mamma! wish I always did," said little Sarah.

The children were not unkind, but they would have naturally preferred feeding monkeys, to doing long-division sums with an angel from heaven, and poor Catherine, who was only a mortal after all, wrinkled up her eyebrows, and sighed. But her momentary ill-humour was gone in an instant. From her place on the landing, she heard the start. The brief squabble with which children invariably set off. The bland maternal interference. . . .

The carriage wheels rolled away, the door closed, and Catherine found herself all alone in a great empty house, with an afternoon of delightful liberty before her. It was all sunny and silent. The pots and pans down below were at rest for once, and hanging quietly upon their pegs. The bedroom doors were open, the study was empty; there was no one in the drawing-room when she looked in, only the sun beating upon the blinds and

pouring in through the conservatory window.

Catherine brought away a Tennyson and a *Saturday Review*, and came back into the schoolroom again, and sat down upon the little shabby sofa. She was not long in making up her mind as to what she should do with her precious hours of liberty. Her two little sisters filled every spare thought and moment in Catherine's busy life, and her poor little heart yearned towards the grim house in Kensington Square, with the five narrow windows, and the prim-looking wire-blinds, behind which Rosy and Totty's curly heads were bobbing at work and at play, as the case might be.

As Catherine waited, resting in the schoolroom for a few minutes, she thought, with one more envious sigh, how she wished that she, too, had a large open carriage, to drive off in. She longed—it was silly enough—to be the happy, fortunate Catherine, instead of the hard-working neglected one. She thought how tired she was, and of the long hot Kensington Road; she thought of the other Catherine riding away through the Park, in her waving grey habit, under the bright green trees, with that kind red-bearded Mr. Beamish curvetting beside her. It is only an every-day story—one little pig goes to market, another stays at home. One eats bread-and-butter, another has none, and cries squeak, squeak, squeak. The clock struck one meanwhile. It was no use going off to her sisters until after their dinner; luncheon was not ready yet, and Catherine threw herself down at full length upon the sofa, and opened the paper she had brought off the drawing-room table. In at the window some sweet sultry summer air came blowing through a smutty lilac-tree. There was a clinking of pails and heavy footsteps. She read the review of a novel, of a new book of poetry, and then she turned to an essay. It was something about women and marrying; about feebleness, and inaptitude, and missing their vocation; about the just dislike of the world for the persons who could not conduce to its amusement or comfort. Catherine pushed it away impatiently; she did not want to read in black and white what she knew so well already; what she had to read always in the black and white of day and night; what with unconscious philosophy she tried so hard to ignore.

A poor little thing, just beginning life with all the worlds and dreams of early youth in her heart, chafing, and piteously holding out her soft little hands against the stern laws of existence. No wonder she turned from the hard sentences. Anybody

seeing the childish face, the gentle little movements, the pretty little hands which had just flung the paper away, would have been sorry for her. Catherine did not look even her twenty years; for she was backward and scarcely full-grown. She looked too young and too childish, one might have thought, to be sent out by fate and respectable references into the world. One might have thought that she should have had older and wiser heads to think for her, kind hands to pull her out of difficulties, kind hearts to cherish her. She should have been alternately scolded and taken for treats, like the children; sent to bed early, set lessons to learn—other than those hard ones which are taught with stripes, and learnt only with painful effort. Thus, at least, it would have seemed to us small moralisers looking on from our fancy-ware repositories; where right and wrong, and oughts, and should-have-beens, are taken down from the shelf and measured out so liberally to supply the demand. . . . Half a yard of favour for this person—three quarters of trimming for that one—slashings let into one surtout of which we do not happen to fancy the colour—or instead of slashings loopholes, perhaps, neatly inserted into another; blue ribbons, gold chords and tassels, and rope-ends—there is no end to our stock and the things we dispense as we will upon our imaginary men and women: we give them out complacently and without hesitation, and we would fain bestow the same measure in like manner upon the living people we see all about us. But it is in vain we would measure out, dispense, approve, revoke. The fates roll on silent, immutable, carrying us and our various opinions along with them, and the oughts and shoulds, the praises and blamings, and the progress of events.

There was a great deal of talking and discussion about little Catherine at one time—of course the family should have provided for the three girls; her stepmother's relations ought to have adopted Catherine since she had no relations of her own; Mrs. Buckingham was well-off; Lady Farebrother had more money than she knew what to do with; but it all ended in the little step-sisters being put to school, and in Catherine obtaining an excellent situation through an advertisement in *The Times*. She got sixty pounds a year, and as she owned the interest of a thousand pounds besides, she was rich for a governess. But then she helped to pay for her sisters' schooling. She could not bear them to go to the cheap and retired establishment

Lady Farebrother had suggested. The aunts did not insist when Catherine offered to pay the difference. People said it was a shame, but only what might have been expected of such worldly, pushing, disagreeable women as Mrs. Buckingham and her sister, and so the matter ended. And so little Catherine at nineteen set to work for herself. She came — a blushing, eager little thing — to a certain house in Eaton Square, to earn her own living, to help those who were most dear to her, to teach Mrs. Butler's children a great many things she had never learnt herself. What a strange new world it was! of stir, of hard work, of thoughts and feelings undreamt of in the quiet old days, before she left her home; running in the garden, playing with her little sister in the old wainscoted hall — only yesterday, so it appeared — adoring her stepmother, being naughty sometimes, being loved and happy always — this was all her experience; so small, so even, so quiet, that it seemed as though it might have lasted for years to come — instead of which now already all was over, and the tranquil memories were haunting poor little Catherine as sadly as though they were of sorrow, of passion, of stirring events.

She had stayed in Eaton Place for a year and more, depending for subsistence on her own exertions, for sympathy on a dream or two, for love and home and family on two little school-girls, whose pencil-notes she read over and over again on the many long days when she could not fly off to Mrs. Martingale's school in Kensington Square to see two little ugly girls, who would rush into the room and spring into her arms, with as many jumps of delight as Algy himself. Catherine used to tell them everything, and depended upon them for advice and assistance in all her difficulties. She had a way of clinging to every support and outstretched hand which came in her road. She had lived too long with her stepmother not to have learnt from her to trust and believe in every one who made any advance, or who seemed in the least inclined to be kind and helpful. If she had to pay for this credulity, it is hard to say what price would be too great to give for it, it is worth in itself so much. Time after time, when any one spoke by chance a few good-natured words, and seemed to ask with some small interest how she was, how her sisters were, how she liked her situation, and so forth, her foolish little heart would leap with gratitude. "Here is a friend indeed," she would think to herself; "I see it in her face, in his manner. Oh, how fortu-

nate I am — how good people are." And then the good-natured person would go away and forget all about the little goodness, unconscious of the bitter pang of longing disappointment he or she had inflicted.

Meanwhile time went on: Catherine had worked very hard for many weeks, kept her temper, made the best of troublesome times, and struggled bravely in her small little feeble way; and she began to feel a little tired as people do sometimes, a little lonely and injured; she was not quite so simple, cheery, unconscious, as she had been when she first came, and the way in which people change and fail under vexation and worry has always seemed to me the saddest part of pain. The Butlers were very kind to her, but she lived by herself in the big busy house, and if she dreamed and longed for companionship and sympathy that might not be hers, one cannot blame her very harshly. Catherine thought that it was because she was a governess that such things were denied to her; she did not know then that to no one — neither to governesses nor pupils nor parents — is that full and entire sympathy given, for which so many people — women especially — go seeking all their lives long.

For all this discouraging doctrine, a happy golden hour came to the little weary Catherine in her schoolroom this afternoon.

The sympathetic friend who could rouse the downcast heart and understand its need, the mighty enchanter whose incantations could bewitch the wearied little spirit from everyday life and bondage, and set it free for a time, was at hand. Catherine opened the book she had brought, and immediately the spell began to work. She did not see herself or her troubles or the shabby schoolroom walls any more, but suddenly there appeared King Arthur sitting high in hall, holding his court at Caerleon upon Usk. It was Prince Geraint who issued from a world of wood, and climbing upon a fair and even ridge, a moment showed himself against the sky. It was the little town gleaming in the long valley, and the white fortress and the castle in decay; and presently in the dreary courtyard it was some one singing as the sweet voice of a bird — "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel; our hoard is little, but our hearts are great." Catherine read on, and Enid rode away all dressed in faded silk, and then Catherine went following, too, through many a woodland pass, by swamps and pools and wilds, through dreamy castle

halls, and out into the country once more, where phantom figures came and fell upon Geraint. False Doorm, and Edryn, wild Limours on his black horse, like the thunder-cloud whose skirts are loosened by the rising storm. . . . The shadowy arms struck without sound, clashing in silence. Great fresh winds from a distance were blowing about the room; the measured musical tramp of the rhythm was ringing in her ears; there was a sort of odd dazzle of sunlight, of martial strains very distant; the wheel of fortune was making a pumping noise in the court of the castle outside; and in the midst of it all the door opened, and some one—it might have been Geraint—walked in. For a moment Catherine looked up, dreaming still. It only took an instant for her to be metamorphosed into a governess once more.

"They are all gone out, Mr. Butler," she said. "Mr. and Miss Butler are riding to Caerleon, but they will be back to lunch."

Catherine, who had quite recovered her everyday composure, wondered why young Mr. Butler smiled as he glanced at the little green volume in her hand. He was not so good-looking a man as Prince Geraint, he was not so broad or so big; he had fair curly hair, a straight nose, sleepy grey eyes, and a smart little moustache. He was dressed like a young man of fashion, with a flower in his coat.

"I am afraid I can't wait till they come in," Richard said. "Perhaps you would let them know that it is to-morrow, not, Thursday, I want them to drink tea at my place, and the children, too. Please tell them I shall be excessively disappointed if anybody fails me. Good morning, Miss James," said Richard, affably, "I see you are reading my book of Idylls."

Butler ran downstairs, thinking as he went, "Why do people ever choose ugly governesses? My aunt's Miss James is a little dear. Riding to Caerleon. She didn't know what she was saying. I should like to see my uncle Hervey accoutred as a knight of Arthur's round table. Poor old Hervey!"

As for "Miss James," as Richard called her, she looked into the beginning of the book, and saw R. X. B., in three whirligig letters, all curling up into one corner of the page. She blushed up now all by herself. "I wish people would not speak to one in that affable, joking voice," she thought; and she did not read any more, but went and put the book back on the drawing-room table, where it had been lying for weeks past.

At luncheon she duly gave her message. Only Mr. Butler and his two daughters, hungry, blown about, cheerfully excited by their morning's expedition, were present.

Mr. Butler was the usual middle-aged Englishman, with very square-toed, boots and grizzled whiskers. He was fond of active pursuits. He talked gossip and statistics. He naturally looked to his older brother Charles, who had never married, to assist him with his large family. Daughters grown up, and growing daily, tempestuous schoolboys at Eton, a midshipman, two wild young fellows in India, another very promising stupid son at college, who had gone up for his little go with great *éclat*, Mr. Butler would tell you. There was no end to the young Butlers. But, unfortunately, Charles Butler greatly preferred Dick to any of his brother's sons. The boy was like his mother, and a look in his eyes had pleaded for him often and often when Dick himself wondered at his uncle's forbearance. Now the cousins only resembled their father, who greatly bored Charles Butler with his long stories and his animal spirits.

"We must go without mamma, if it is to be to-morrow," said Catherine Butler.

"We could not possibly go without a chaperone," said Georgina, who was great on etiquette. She was not so pretty as Catherine, and much more self-conscious.

"Capital cold beef this is," said Mr. Butler. "Can't Matilda play chaperone for the occasion? By-the-by, Catherine, I am not sorry to hear a good report of your friend Mr. Beamish. I can't afford any imprudent sons-in-law. Remember that, young ladies."

"Should you like Dick, papa?" said Georgie, with a laugh.

"Humph, that depends," said her father, with his mouth full of cold beef. "I should have thought my brother Charles must be pretty well tired out by this time, but I believe that if he were to drop to-morrow, Dick would come in for Muttondale and Lambswold. Capital land it is, too. I don't believe my poor boys have a chance, —not one of them. Down, Sandy, down." Sandy was Catherine's little Scotch terrier, who also was fond of cold beef.

"Dick is such a dear fellow," said Catherine Butler, looking very sweet and cousinly, and peeping round the dish-covers at her father. "Of course, I love my brothers best, papa; but I can understand Uncle Charles being very fond of Richard."

"Oh, Richard is a capital good fellow," said Mr. Butler (not quite so enthusiastically as when he spoke of the beef a min-

ute before). "Let him get hold of anything he likes, and keep it if he can. I for one don't grudge him his good fortune. Only you women make too much of him, and have very nearly spoilt him among you. Painting and music is all very well in its way, but mark my words, it may be pushed too far." And with this solemn warning the master of the house filled himself a glass of sherry, and left the room.

Miss George, as she tied on her bonnet-strings after luncheon, was somewhat haunted by Dick's sleepy face. The visions of Geraint, and Lancelot, and Enid, and King Arthur's solemn shade, still seemed hovering about her as she went along the dusty road to Kensington, where two little figures were beckoning from behind the iron rail of their school-house yard. Presently the children's arms were tightly clutched round Catherine's neck, as the three went and sat down all in a heap on Mrs. Martingale's grey school-house sofa, and they chattered and chirped and chirruped for an hour together, like little birds in a nest.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE RIVER.

CATHERINE had forgotten her morning visions; they had turned into very matter-of-fact speculations about Totty's new hat Rosa's Sunday frock, as she came home through the park late in the afternoon. A long procession of beautiful ladies was slowly passing, gorgeous young men were walking up and down and along the Row, looking at the carriages and parasols, and recognizing their acquaintances. The trees and the grass were still green and in festive dress, the close of this beautiful day was all sweet and balmy and full of delight for those who could linger out in the long daylight. The Serpentine gleamed through the old elm-trees and in the slant sun-rays. Catherine was delighted with the sweet fresh air and childishly amused by the crowd, but she thought she had better get out of it. As she was turning out of the broad pathway by one of the small iron gates of the park she came face to face with Dick Butler walking with a couple of friends. He took off his hat as he passed, and Miss George again bowed with the air of a meek little princess.

"Who is that?" said Beamish. "I don't know her."

Mr. Beamish was destined to improve his acquaintance, for there came a little note from Mrs. Butler to Dick early next morning.

"MY DEAR RICHARD, — I am very sorry to find that I cannot possibly join your party this afternoon, but the girls and your aunt will be delighted to come. The children declare you would be horribly disappointed if they did not make their appearance. I am afraid of their being troublesome. May I send Miss George to keep them in order? — they are beyond their sisters' control, I fear.

Ever affectionately yours,
"S. BUTLER.

"P.S. — Will not you and Mr. Beamish be amiable and look in upon us this evening? you will find some friends."

Dick's studio was in Queen's Walk. He lived in one of those old brown houses facing the river. He could see the barges go by, and the boats and the steamers sliding between the trees which were planted along the water-side. An echo of the roar of London seemed passing by outside the ancient gates of his garden. Within everything was still and silent, and haunted by the past. An old dais of Queen Anne's time still hung over his doorway, and he was very proud of his wainscoted hall and drawing-room, and of the oaken stairs which led up to his studio. His friend lived with him there. Mr. Beamish was in the Foreign Office, and had good expectations. As he was an only son and had been very rigidly brought up, he naturally inclined to Dick, and to his Bohemian life, and the two young men got on very well together. The house had been a convent school before they came to it, and gentle black-veiled nuns had slid from room to room, rosy ragged children had played about the passages and the oaken hall, and had clattered their mugs, and crumbled their bread-and-butter, in the great bow-windowed dining-room at the back. The young men had seen the place by chance one day, were struck by its quaintness and capabilities, and they agreed to take it together and to live there. The children and the nuns went away through the iron gates. Butler put workmen in to repair, and polish, and make ready, and then he came and established himself, with his paint-pots and canvases.

The studio was a great long room, with a cross-light that could be changed and altered at will; for which purpose heavy curtains and shutters had been put up. There was matting on the floor, and some comfortable queer-shaped chairs were standing round the fireplace. The walls were panelled to about four feet from the ground, and from hooks and nails and brackets, hung

a hundred trophies of Butler's fancies and experiences. Pictures begun and never finished, plaster casts, boxing-gloves, foils, Turkish pipes and scimitars, brown jugs of graceful slender form, out of Egyptian tombs. Bits of blue china, and then old garments hanging from hooks, Venetian brocades of gold and silver, woven with silk, and pale strange coloured stuffs and gauzes, sea-green, salmon-colour, fainting blue, and saffron and angry orange-browns. English words cannot describe the queer, fanciful colours.

There was a comfortable sofa with cushions, and a great soft carpet spread at one end of the room, upon which the tea-table stood, all ready laid with cakes and flowers. Beamish had gone out that morning and bought a waggon-load of flowers, for the studio and the balcony. There was a piano in a dark corner, in the room where the curtains cast a gloom, but the windows on the balcony were set wide open, and the river rolled by grey and silvery, and with a rush, carrying its swift steamers and boats and burdens. The distant banks gleamed through the full, leaved branches, a quiet figure stood here and there under the trees, watching the flow of the stream. It was a strange quaint piece of mediæval life set into the heart of to-day. The young men should have worn powder and periwigs, or a still more ancient garb. In the church near at hand, a martyr lies buried, and it is the old bygone world that everything tells of — as the river flows past the ancient houses. Presently the clock from the steeple of old St. Mary's Church clanged out, and at that very instant there was a loud ring at the bell. Beamish started up. Dick looked over the balcony. It was only the punctual children, who had insisted upon starting much too soon, and who had been walking up and down the street, waiting until it should be time for them to make their appearance.

"Do you know, we very nearly didn't come at all, Dick?" they instantly began telling him from down below in the hall. "Mamma said she couldn't come, and Miss George didn't want to, did you, Miss George? and they said we should be a bother; and we were afraid we were late, but we weren't." All this was chiefly in Algy's falsetto. Lydia joined in — "Wouldn't you have been disappointed if we had not come, Dick? and why have you hung up all these little things?"

"They are kitchen plates and old clothes," says Algy, splitting with laughter; "and some foils — oh, jolly."

"Algy," said Miss George, very deter-

mined and severe, because she was so shy — "remember that I am going to take you away if you are troublesome."

"He won't be troublesome, Miss George. He never is," said Dick, good-humouredly.

"Look here; won't you sit down?" and he pushed forward the enormous tapestried chair in which he had been lounging. Catherine sat down. She looked a very small little person in her white gown, lost in the great arm-chair. She glanced round curiously, with her bright eyes, and forgot her rôle of governess for a minute.

"How delightful the river is — what a dear old place," she said, in her plaintive childish voice. "What nice china!" — she happened to have a fancy for bowls and cracked teapots, and had kept the key of her stepmother's china closet. "This is Dutch, isn't it?" she asked. And then she blushed up shyly, and felt very forward all of a sudden.

"Here is a nice old bit," said Beamish, coming up to Dick's assistance, with a hideous tureen he had picked up a bargain. "Butler and I are rival collectors, you know."

"Are you?" said Catherine, blushing again.

"Yes," said Beamish. And then there was a pause in the conversation, and they heard the river rushing, and both grew shyer and shyer.

Meanwhile, Dick was going about with the children, who had fortunately preserved their composure, and who seemed all over the place in a minute.

"And now show us something else," said Algy. "Miss George!" he shouted, "I mean to be an artist like Dick — when I'm a man."

"What a brilliant career Algy is chalking out for himself, isn't he, Beamish?" said poor Dick.

"He might do worse," Beamish answered, kindly. "You must let Miss George see your picture. He has painted a capital picture this time, Miss George."

Dick had modestly turned it with its face to the wall. "They don't want to see my picture," said Dick; and he went on pulling one thing out after another, to the delight of the three little girls who stood all in a row, absorbed in his wonderful possessions. Algy was inspecting a lay figure, and quite silent and entranced by the charming creature. Poor little Miss George, meanwhile, sat in her big chair, growing shyer and shyer every minute: she was longing for the others to appear. Perhaps, Beamish also was looking out for them.

They came at last, with a roll of wheels, a rustle, some gentle laughter and confusion on the stairs; and the two young fellows rushed down to receive their guests. Georgie was in blue, and had her affected manner on; Catherine Butler was all in a light grey cloud from head to foot, and looked like a beautiful apparition as she came under the curtain of the door following her aunt. Madame de Tracy was bustling in, without any poetic or romantic second thoughts, exclaiming at everything she saw — delighted with the convenience of the house. She was unlike Mrs. Butler in the sincere and unaffected interest she took in all sorts of other people's schemes, arrangements, money-matters, and love-makings, lodgings, and various concerns.

"But how well-off you are here, Dick! I congratulate you! you must feel quite cramped at Tracy after this! Catherine! Look at that river and the flowers. . . . Is it not charming? — you are quite magnificent; my dear Dick, you are receiving us like a prince!"

"Beamish got the flowers," said Richard, smiling; "I only stood the cakes. Now then, Catherine, you must make tea, please."

They all went and sat round the tea-table in a group. Madame de Tracy and Georgina were upon the sofa. The children were squatting on the floor, while Miss George stood handing them their cakes and their tea, for Dick's chairs were big and comfortable, but not very numerous. Catherine Butler, with deft, gentle fingers, dipped the china into the basin, poured water from the kettle with its little flame, measured, with silver tongs and queer old silver spoons, the cream and sugar into the fragrant cups. She might have been the priestess of the flower-decked altar, offering up steaming sacrifices to Fortune. Beamish secretly pledged her in the cup she handed him with her two hands, and one of her bright sudden smiles. A little person in white, who was standing against some tapestry in the background, cutting bread and jam for the hungry children, caught sight of the two, and thrilled with a feminine kindness, and then smiled, hanging her head over the brown loaf. Dick, who was deeply interested in the issue of the meeting that afternoon, was sitting on the back of the sofa, and by chance he saw one Catherine's face reflected in the other's. He was touched by the governess's gentle sympathy, and noticed, for the first time, that she had been somewhat neglected.

"You want a table, Miss George," said Dick, placing one before her, and a chair. . . . "And you have no tea yourself.

You have been so busy attending to everybody else. Catherine, we want some tea here. . . . Beamish, why don't you go and play the piano, and let us feast with music like the Arabian Nights? . . ."

"How pretty the flowers are growing," cried little Sarah, pointing. "Oh, do look, Miss George dear. . . ."

"It's the sun shining through the leaves," said Madame de Tracy, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The water shines, too," said Augusta. "I wish there was a river in Eaton Square; don't you, Catherine?"

"I envy you your drawing-room, Dick," said Madame de Tracy, conclusively. "Mr. Beamish, pray give us an air.

Beamish now got up and went to the piano. "If I play, you must show them your picture," he said, striking a number of chords very quickly, and then he sat down and began to play parts of that wonderful Kreutzer sonata, which few people can listen to unmoved. The piano was near where Catherine Butler had been making the tea, and she turned her head and listened, sitting quite still with her hands in her lap. I think Beamish was only playing to her, although all the others were listening round about. I know he only looked up at her every now and then as he played. Little Catherine George had sunk down on a low chair by the children, and had fallen into one of her dreams again. . . . She understood, though no one had ever told her, all that was passing before her. She listened to the music; it seemed warning, beseeching, prophesying, by turns. There is one magnificent song without words in the adagio, in which it seems as if one person alone is uttering and telling a story, passionate, pathetic, unutterably touching. Catherine thought it was Beamish telling his own story in those beautiful, passionate notes to Catherine, as she sat there in her grey cloud dress, with her golden hair shining in the sunset. Was she listening? Did she understand him? Ah, yes! Ah, yes, she must! Did everybody listen to a story like this once in their lives? Catherine George wondered. People said so. But, ah, was it true? It was true for such as Catherine Butler, perhaps — for beautiful young women, loved, and happy, and cherished; but was it true for a lonely and forlorn little creature, without friends, without beauty (Catherine had only seen herself in her glass darkly as yet), with no wealth of her own to buy the priceless treasure of love and sympathy? The sun was shining outside; the steamers and boats were still sailing by; Catherine

Butler's future was being decided. Little Catherine sat in a trance; her dark eyes were glowing. Beamish suddenly changed the measure, and crashed about on the piano, until by degrees it was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," which went swinging through the room in great vibrations. Then Catherine George seemed to see the mediæval street, the old German town, the figures passing, the bridegroom tramping ahead, the young men marching along in procession. She could almost see the crisp brocades and the strange-cut dresses, and hear the whispering of the maidens following with the crowned bride; while from the gables of the queer old town — (she even gave it a name, and vaguely called it Augsburg or Nuremberg to herself) — people's heads were pushing and staring at the gay procession. It was one of those strange phantasmagorias we all know at times, so vivid for the moment that we cannot but believe we have seen it once, or are destined to witness it at some future time in reality.

Beamish left off playing suddenly, and bent over the instrument, and began talking to Catherine Butler in low, eager tones. Madame de Tracy and Georgie, who had had enough music, were standing at the window by this time, watching the scene outside. The children, too, had jumped up, and ran out one by one upon the balcony. Not for the first time, and, alas! not for the last, poor child! a weary, strange, lost feeling came over Catherine George, as she sat on an overturned chest, in the great, strange room. It came to her from her very sympathy for the other two, and gladness in their content. It was a sharp, sudden thorn of aloneness and utter forlornness, which stung her so keenly in her excited and eager state that two great tears came and stood in her eyes; but they were youthful tears, fresh and salt, of clear crystal, unsoiled, undimmed as yet by the stains of life.

Dick, who was himself interested for his friend, and excited beyond his custom, and who had begun to feel a sort of interest in the sensitive little guest, thought she was feeling neglected. He had noticed her from across the room, and he now came up to her, saying, very gently and kindly, "Would you care to see my picture, Miss George? my aunt and my cousin say they want to see it. It's little enough to look at."

As he said, it was no very ambitious effort. An interior. A fishwife sitting watching for her husband's return, with her baby asleep on her knee. One has seen a score of such compositions. This one was charm-

ingly painted, with feeling and expression. The colours were warm and transparent; the woman's face was very touching, bright and sad at once; her brown eyes looked out of the picture. There was life in them, somehow, although the artist had, according to the fashion of his school, set her head against a window, and painted hard black shadows and deeply marked lines with ruthless fidelity. The kitchen was evidently painted from a real interior. The great carved cupboard, with the two wooden birds pecketing each other's beaks, and the gleaming steel hinges, with two remarkable rays of light issuing from them; the great chimney, with the fire blazing; (the shovel was an elaborate triumph of art;) the half-open window, looking out across fields to the sea; the distaff, the odd shuttles for making string, hanging from the ceiling; the great brass pan upon the ground with the startling reflections. It was all more than true to nature, and the kitchen — somewhat modified, and less carefully polished — might be seen in any of the cottages and farmsteads round about the Château de Tracy for miles.

"My dear Dick, you have made an immense start," said his aunt. "It's admirable. It's by far the best thing you have done yet. Who is it so like? Catherine, only look at the brass pan and the cupboard. Madame Binaud has got just such a one in her kitchen."

Dick shrugged his shoulders, but he was pleased at the praise. "I have another thing here," he said, smiling, "only it isn't finished." And he rolled out another canvas on an easel.

"It's quite charming! What's the subject?" said Madame de Tracy, looking through her eyeglass.

"Oh, I don't know. Anything you like. A cart — Normandy peasants going for a drive — coming back from market," said Dick, blushing and looking a little conscious. . . . "I have been obliged to paint out the girl's head, Georgie. I wish you'd sit to me." And looking up as he spoke — not at Georgie — he met the glance of two soft dark eyes which were not Georgie's. "I wish you would sit to me, Miss George," cried Dick, suddenly inspired. "You would make a first-rate fishwife; wouldn't she, aunt Matilda?"

"I think Miss George would look very nice indeed in the costume," Madame de Tracy good-humouredly said. "She is a brunette, like all our girls." And Madame de Tracy turned her eyeglass on Miss George, and nodded. She then glanced at Dick.

"I should be very glad to sit to Mr. Butler," said Miss George in her gentle way, "but I am afraid I should not have time. I am very much occupied, and the children mustn't be neglected, and I hope they are not in trouble now," she added, looking round. "I'm afraid it is time for us to go." The clock of the old church had struck six some time, and as she said, it was time to go.

Madame de Tracy looked at her watch, and gave a little scream. "Yes, indeed," she said, "my brother Charles and half-a-dozen other people dine in Eaton Square to-night. Are you coming?"

"Beamish and I are coming in to desert," said Dick; at least he seemed to wish it this morning.

"We have to get home, we have to dress," said Madame de Tracy, pre-occupied. "Georgie, where is my parasol? Catherine, are you ready? Have you finished your talk?"

Beamish and Catherine had finished their talk by this time, or begun it rather, for it was a life-long talk they had entered into. The carriage had come back for the elders of the party. The children, who had eaten enormously, went off slightly subdued.

The two young men stood in the iron gateway, watching the carriage as it drove away, and the governess and the little pupils slowly sauntering homewards along the river side.

Beamish looked very tall and very odd as he stood leaning against the iron gate, round which some clematis was clinging.

Dick glanced at him, and then at the river, and then at his friend again. "Well!" he said, as last, pulling a leaf off a twig.

"It is all right," Beamish said, with the light in his face as he put out his hand to Dick; and then the two cordially shook hands, to the surprise of some little ragged children who were squatting in the road.

CHAPTER IV.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY.

CATHERINE held little Sarah's hand tightly clasped in hers as they went home along the busy streets. She had not met with so much romance in her short hard life, this poor little Catherine, that she could witness it unmoved in others. She had read of such things in books before now, of Lord Orville exclaiming with irresistible fire, "My sweet, my beloved, Miss

Anville!" of Rochester's energetic love-making, of Mr. Knightley's expressive eyes, as he said, "My dearest Emma, for dearest you will be to me, whatever may be the result of this morning's conversation." And she had read of the sweet bunch of fragrant lilac, which a young lover had sent to his lady, and now here was a sweet bunch of lilac for Catherine Butler; so the little governess called it to herself, and the sweetness and scent seemed diffused all round, until they, the bystanders, were all perfumed and made fragrant too.

Catherine had heard Mr. Beamish saying, — "I shall come this evening and see you," as he put Miss Butler into the carriage. The girl had not answered, but her face looked very sweet and conscious, as she bent over and held out her hand to him. Poor Dick was looking on too, and a little old refrain came into his head. "En regrettant la Normandie," it went, "En regrettant. . . ." This sweet dream of love-making made the way short and pleasant, though the children lagged and stopped at every interesting sight along the road. The man pouring beer out of his can, the milkwoman setting down her pails, the cart full of oranges and blue paper, the grocer taking in faggots two by two out of a cart: all was right that came to their little mills, and delayed the fatal return to evening tasks and bed. For the little governess the sweet summer twilight was all a-glow, and she was in a sort of enchanted world, where perfect happiness was waiting at unexpected corners; where people understood what was in one another's hearts; where there was a little trouble to begin with, but where at two or three and twenty (Miss Butler was little more), or even sooner, the fragrant bunch of lilacs flowered for most people, and then what mattered all the rest? If the flowers were blooming on the branches, a passing storm, or wind, or darkness, could not unmake the spring.

One privilege belonging to her position Miss George had not, perhaps, valued so highly as she might have done. It was that of coming down in white muslin with Augusta after dinner whenever she liked. Little sleepy Sarah, and the aggrieved Lydia, would be popped into white calico and disposed of between the sheets; but Miss George and Augusta were at liberty to enjoy the intoxicating scene if they felt so inclined.

Mr. Butler, nodding off over the paper. Mrs. Butler at her davenport, writing civil notes, one after another, in her large even

handwriting. Catherine and Georgina strumming on the pianoforte. The back-room quite dark, and the tea stagnating on a small table near the doorway. This was when there was nobody there. When there was company the aspect of things was very different. Both the chandeliers would be lighted, the round sofa wheeled out into the middle of the room. Three ladies would be sitting upon it with their backs turned to one another; Georgina and a friend, in full evening dress, suppressing a yawn, would be looking over a book of photographs.

"Do you like this one of me?" Georgina would say, with a slight increase of animation. "Oh, what a horrid thing!" the young lady would reply; "if it was me, I should burn it—indeed I should. And is that your sister?—a Silvy I am sure." "Yes, my cousin Richard cannot bear it; he says she looks as if her neck was being wrung." In the meantime, Catherine Butler, kindly attentive and smiling, would be talking to old Lady Shiverington, and trying to listen to her account of her last influenza, while Mrs. Butler, with her usual tact, was devoting herself to the next grander lady present. Madame de Tracy, after being very animated all dinner-time, would be sitting a little subdued with her fan before her eyes. Coffee would be handed round by the servants. After which the climax of the evening would be attained, the door would fly open, and the gentlemen come straggling up from dinner, while tea on silver trays was being served to the expectant guests.

Mr. Butler, with a laugh, disappears into the brilliantly-lighted back-room with a couple of congenial white neckcloths, while Mr. Bartholomew, the great railway contractor, treads heavily across the room to his hostess and asks if these are some more of her young ladies? and how was it that they had not had the pleasure of their company at dinner? "My daughter Augusta is only twelve, Mr. Bartholomew, and is not thinking of coming out," Mrs. Butler would say; "and that is Miss George, my children's governess. It amuses her to come down, poor girl. Have you had any tea?"

Miss George, far from being amused by all this brilliancy, generally kept carefully out of the way; but on this particular evening, after the five o'clock tea at the studio, she had been haunted by a vague curiosity and excitement, and she felt as if she must come down—as if it would be horrible to sit all alone and silent in the schoolroom, out of reach, out of knowledge,

out of sight, while below, in the more favoured drawing-room, the people were all alive with interest, and expectation, and happiness.

Just before dinner she had met Madame de Tracy on the stairs, fastening her bracelets and running down in a great hurry. Catherine looked up at her and smiled as she made way, and the elder lady, who was brimming over with excitement and discretion, and longing to talk to every one on the subject which absorbed her, said,—

"Ah, Miss George, I see you found out our secret this afternoon—not a word to the children. Mr. Beamish is coming to-night after dinner to speak to my brother. Hush! some one is on the stairs."

Miss George was not the only person in the establishment who surmised that something was going on. Madame de Tracy's vehement undertones had roused the butler's curiosity; he had heard the master of the house confessing that he was not totally unprepared; while Mrs. Butler was late for dinner, an unprecedented event, and had been seen embracing her daughter with more than usual effusion, in her room upstairs. Mrs. Butler was one of those motherly women entirely devoted to their husbands and children, and who do not care very much for anybody else in all the world, except so far as they are conducive to the happiness of their own family. She worked, thought, bustled, wrote notes, arranged and contrived for her husband and children. Her davenport was a sort of hand-mill, at which she ground down paper, pens, monograms, stamps, regrets, delights, into notes, and turned them out by the dozen. Her standard was not a very high one in this world or in the next but she acted industriously up to it such as it was, and although her maternal heart was stirred with sympathy, she was able to attend to her guests and make small talk as usual. I do not think that one of them, from her manner, could have guessed how she longed secretly to be rid of them all.

Catherine George, who was only the little governess and looker-on, felt her heart stirred too as she dressed in her little room upstairs to come down after dinner; unconsciously she took more than usual pains with herself; she peered into her looking-glass, and plumed and smoothed out her feathers like a bird by the side of a pool.

She thought her common gown shabby and crumpled, and she pulled out for the first time one of those which had been lying by ever since she had left her own home.

This was a soft India muslin, prettily made up with lace and blue ribbons. Time had yellowed it a little, but it was none the worse for that, and if the colours of the blue ribbons had faded somewhat, they were all the softer and more harmonious. With her rough dark hair piled up in a knot, she looked like a little Sir Joshua lady when she had tied the bead necklace that encircled her round little throat, and then she came down and waited for Augusta in the empty drawing-room. Catherine was one of those people who grow suddenly beautiful at times, as there are others who become amiable all at once, or who have flashes of wit, or good spirits; Catherine's odd sudden loveliness was like an inspiration, and I don't think she knew of it. The little thing was in a strange state of sympathy and excitement. She tried to think of other things, but her thoughts reverted again and again to the sunny studio, the river rushing by, the music, the kind young men, and the beautiful, happy Catherine, leaning back in the old carved chair, with her bright eyes shining as she listened to Beamish's long story. The sun had set since he had told it, and a starlight night was now reigning overhead. The drawing-room windows were open, letting in a glimmer of stars and a faint incense from Catherine Butler's flowers outside on the balcony. Little Miss George took up her place in a quiet corner, and glanced again and again from the dull drawing-room walls to the great dazzling vault without, until the stars were hidden from her by the hand of the butler who came in to pull down the blinds and light the extra candles, and to place the chairs against the wall. Whilst he was thus engaged in making the room comfortable, he remarked that "the ladies would not be up for ten minutes or more, and if Miss George and Miss Augusta would please to take a little ice there would be plenty of time?"

"Yes, certainly," said Augusta; "bring some directly, Freeman." And she and Miss George shared their little feast with one spoon between them.

The ladies came up from dinner, and Augusta was summoned to talk to them, and little Miss George was left alone in her corner. She was quite happy, although she had no one to speak to. She was absorbed in the romance of which she had conned the first chapters, and of which the heroine was before her in her white gauze dress, with the azalias in her hair.

And so one Catherine gazed wondering and speculating, while the other sat there

patiently listening to the old ladies' complaining talk, — to stories of doctors, and ailments, and old age, and approaching death, coming so soon after the brilliant strains of youth, and music, and romance.

One Catherine's bright cheeks turned very pale; the other, who was only looking on, blushed up, when almost immediately after the tea-tray, the door opened, and Dick and Mr. Beamish walked in without being announced. Mrs. Butler looked up and smiled and held out her hand. Mr. Butler came striding forward from the back-room. Madame de Tracy put up her eye glass; Catherine Butler looked down, but she could say "yes" quite quietly to old Lady Shiverington, who asked, in a loud whisper, if that was Mr. Beamish. "The young men come to dinner, my dear, time after time," said the old lady, nodding her ancient head, "but they are all so much alike I don't know one from another."

And so this was all that Catherine had come out of her schoolroom to see? Charles Butler had been looking on too from the other end of the room, with little blinking eyes instead of dark fawn-like orbs, and at this stage of the proceedings he moved out of the way, and came across and sank down, much to Miss George's alarm, in a vacant arm-chair beside her. There she sat in her muslin, fair, pretty, soft, with shy, quick, curious glances; and there sat the old fellow with his wrinkled face and thick eyebrows: she need not have been afraid, though he looked somewhat alarming. If Mr. Bartholomew, who was standing by, could have known what was passing in the minds of these two people, he might have been struck, had he been romantically inclined, by the duet they were unconsciously playing.

"Matilda has been in great force to-night," thought Mr. Butler; "but her confidences are overpowering, whispery mystery, — hiss, hiss, hiss — how she does delight in a love-affair. If it had been poor unlucky Dick now — but I suppose no woman of sense would have a word to say to him, and he will make a terrible fool of himself sooner or later. Eh, eh, we have all made fools of ourselves. . . . It is only about half a century since I first saw his mother under the lime-trees. Poor dear! poor dear!" and the old fellow began to beat a tune to a dirge with his foot as he thought of what was past. Meanwhile Miss George was playing her treble in the duet. "What can it be like," the little governess was thinking, "to love, to be loved, actually to live the dreams and the stories? Oh, I cannot imagine it! Is it like listening to music? is

it like that day when we climbed the hill in the sunset, my mother and I, higher and higher, and it was all like heaven in the valley? Is there some secret sympathy which makes quite old and wrinkled people care when they see such things, or does one only cease to feel in time? How calm Catherine looks, she scarcely speaks to Mr. Beamish. I can see Madame de Tracy smiling and nodding her head to her across the room. Can people care really and truly and with all their hearts, and give no more sign? What should I do if I were Catherine? Ah, what am I thinking?"

Here Mr. Butler suddenly gave a grunt and said,—

"I am quite convinced the fault of all arm-chairs is that they are not made deep enough in the seat; my legs are quite cramped and stiff from that abominable contrivance in which I have been sitting. I cannot imagine how my brother can go to sleep in it night after night in the way he does."

"Isn't Mr. Butler's arm-chair comfortable?" said Catherine smiling. "The children and I have always looked at it with respect: we never should venture to sit in it, or not to think it deep enough in the seat."

"I see Mr. Beamish is not too shy to occupy the chair of state," said old Mr. Butler, glancing at Catherine from under his thick eyebrows, and unconsciously frightening her into silence.

Catherine was oppressed by circumstance, and somewhat morbid by nature, as people are who have lively imaginations, and are without the power of expansion. She had lived with dull people all her life, and had never learnt to talk or to think. Her step-mother was a tender-hearted and sweet-natured sad woman, who was accustomed to only see the outside of things. Mrs. George had two dozen little sentences in her repertory, which she must have said over many thousand times in the course of her life; and which Catherine had been accustomed hitherto to repeat after her, and to think of as enough for all the exigencies and philosophy of life. But now everything was changing, and she was beginning to idea thoughts for herself, and to want words to put them into; and with the thoughts and the words, alas! came the longing for some one to listen to her strange new discoveries, and to tell her what they meant. But it was not old Charles Butler to whom she could talk. She looked across the room.

Yes, Beamish was there installed: they were all welcoming him for the sake of

their beloved princess. "Ah, what am I thinking!" thought Catherine again, "would there be any one in the world to care if"—She did not finish the sentence, but a vague impossibility, in the shape of a Geraint with sleepy eyes and without a name, passed through her mind. As chance would have it, Dick Butler came sauntering up at this minute, and she started and blushed as usual, and her visions vanished. Catherine almost felt as if he must see them flying away.

It was not Dick, with his short-sighted eyes, who saw the little fancies flying away; but there were others present who were more experienced and more alive to what was passing. Madame de Tracy was a woman of lively imagination, who scarcely knew any of the people present, and had nobody to talk to; and so it happened that at the end of a quarter of an hour, she began to think that her nephew had been conversing quite long enough with Miss George.

All the world might have heard what he was saying to her. Dick was only telling Miss George about Normandy, about the beautiful old ruins, the churches turned into barns, talking Murray and little else. For reasons best known to himself he liked telling of the places he had lately seen, although he said but little of the people he had known there. And Miss George was a good listener, she said not much, but her bright little face brightened as he went on with his stories. They were prosy enough some people might have thought. His uncle had joined in once and exclaimed, "Spare us the description of the next church you visited, Richard;" but Catherine George liked every word, and listened in delighted attention. Catherine listened; she had better far have sat up all alone in her schoolroom, poor child, with her candle-ends and fancies of what might have been.

Later in life, when people have outlived the passionate impatience of youth, when the mad wild longings are quieted, and the things their own, perhaps, and no longer valued, for which they would have given their lives once—long ago—when people are sober and matter-of-fact, when they have almost forgotten that strange impetuous self of former days, it is easy to blame and to phoo-phoo, to crush and brush away the bright beautiful bubbles which the children are making in their play. Madame de Tracy did not feel one moment's remorse, sentimental as she was, when she came across and interrupted little Catherine's happy half-hour, and Dick in his eloquent talk.

Dick was asking Catherine what she thought of the five o'clock tea. "We had music, uncle Charles, hadn't we, Miss George? Beamish played first fiddle, *Ah ti voglio ben assai*, a Neapolitan air, uncle Charles. Nobody ever sung it to you." And Dick, who was excited and in high spirits, began humming and nodding his head in time. He suddenly stopped—old Charles made a warning sign. "Miss George was present and knows all about it; don't be afraid, she is discretion itself, and of course we are all thinking about the same thing. What is the use of pretending?"

"If Miss George is discretion itself, that quite alters the case," said Mr. Butler.

Meanwhile Dick was going on,—"Look at uncle Hervey performing the *père noble*, and making Beamish look foolish. Dear old Beamish, I shouldn't let him marry Catherine if he was not the best fellow in the whole world."

"My niece is fortunate to have secured such a paragon," said Charles, showing his sympathy by a little extra dryness.

"Their faces are something alike, I think," said Miss George, timidly; "they seem very well suited."

"Of course," said Dick: "5,000*l.* a year in prospect—what can be more suitable? If they had no better reason for wanting to get married than because they were in love with one another, then you should hear the hue-and-cry their affectionate relatives can raise."

"Quite right too," said old Mr. Butler.

Catherine glanced from one to the other.

"You don't think it quite right, do you, Miss George?" said Dick, and then his aunt came up and carried him off.

"Young fellows like Dick often talk a great deal of nonsense," said old Butler, kindly, as Catherine sat looking after the two as they walked away arm-in-arm. "Depend upon it, my nephew would no more wish to marry upon an incompetence than I should. Remember, he is not the man to endure privation except for his own amusement."

He spoke so expressively, blinking his little grey eyes, that the girl looked up curiously, wondering whether he could mean anything. All the evening she had been sitting there in her white gown, feeling like a shade, a thing of no account among all this living people, a blank in the closely written page, a dumb note in the music. A sort of longing had come over her to be alive, to make music too; and now to be

warned even, to be acting a part ever so small in this midsummer night's dream, was enough to thrill her sad little childish heart with excitement. Could he be warning her? Then it came like a flash, and her heart began to beat faster and faster. There was something possible after all besides governessing and lesson-books in her dull life, something to beware of, to give interest, even the interest of danger to the monotonous road. To be scorned did not seem to her so unutterably sad as to be utterly passed by and ignored. Charles Butler never guessed the harm he had done.

It was not the Miss George who had dressed herself in her yellowed muslin who went up stairs to bed that night. It was another Catherine George. The little moth had burst out of its cocoon, the wings had grown, and it was fluttering and fluttering in the candle's beautiful golden light.

My simile would have been better if Catherine, the moth, had not herself blown out her candle when she reached her bedroom upstairs. She was hanging out of her window, trying to drink the night calm into her veins. "Is that bright beautiful planet my star I wonder?" the governess was thinking. "How gaily it sparkles; it seems to be dancing in space. How the night wanes and shines; how the stars blaze beyond the house-tops! Did any one ever tell me that was my star? Why do I think so?" As Catherine gazed at the heavens and thought all this, not in words, but with quick sensitive flashes—down below, just under her feet, the well was being dug into which the poor little philosopher was doomed to tumble. Ah me! was truth at the bottom of it, I wonder, instead of up overhead in the beautiful shining stars of good promise?

It seemed to little Catherine as if a burst of sunshine had come out suddenly into her dull life. She did not know whence or how it came; she did not know very clearly what she was feeling; she did not tell herself that she ought to shut her heart and ears and eyes, until some one suitable in fortune and worldly circumstances came across her way. She is only twenty years old, impressionable, soft-hearted. What can her girlish day-dreams have taught her? Can she have learned from them to mistrust people who are kind, to be careful and cautious and reserved—to wall up and bury the natural emotions of youth?

For the first time in her short life, ideas, feelings, sensations hitherto unthought and unfelt, came crowding upon Catherine George. Everything seemed changed, al-

though she walked the same walks in the square — corrected the same mistakes in the children's exercises — sat in her old place in the schoolroom. The walls seemed to have opened somehow to let in the unfamiliar crowd of strange new ideas, of feelings impossible to realize or to define. The difference in Catherine was not greater than that which a passing cloud makes in the sky, or a burst of sunshine breaking across the landscape. Out of the vague images and shadows which had hitherto made up her solitary life, came a sudden reality. The drifting dreams and fancies of what might be, had vanished for ever; they were gone, and in their stead it was to-day; and Catherine, as she was — no ideal self to be — who was sitting there, and who had awakened one morning to find herself living her own life in the world of the present. Other discoveries she might make as she travelled farther; and times might come to her, as to most of us, when solemn visions close round about once more, and we realize with terrible distinctness that we are only dreaming in a kingdom of mists and shadows — a kingdom where the sounds die into silence — where the suns set day by day. But at this time everything was real and keen enough to the poor little thing, of vast meaning and moment — never to finish, she thought — never to seem of import less vital — never, ah, never!

CHAPTER V.

WHAT CATHERINE WISHED FOR.

FATE, which for some time past seemed to have strangely overlooked the thread of Catherine George's existence, now suddenly began to spin it somewhat faster, and to tie a few knots in the loose little string. For one thing, Madame de Tracy's thread flew so fast that it was apt to entangle itself with others alongside, and it would set all those round about flying with the vibrations of its rapid progress.

Dick was a great deal in Eaton Square at this time, more than he had ever been before. The house was not generally so pleasant, as it was just then; Madame de Tracy was there bustling about and enjoying herself, and making a great talk and life and stir. Charles Butler, too, was in town, and often with his sister, and Dick was unaffectedly fond of his uncle's society. Everybody used to scold the young painter when he appeared day by day, for leaving his work; but all the same they would not let him go back to it, once he was with them.

"I ought to go," Dick would say, as he remained to take his pleasure, and Catherine coming down demurely at the end of the little procession, never knew who she might find down below. One great triumph Richard had to announce. He had sold his picture, and got a good price for it; although he hesitated, to the dealer's surprise, when it came to parting with his beloved fishwife. He had also received an order for the "Country-cart," as soon as it should be finished, and once again he said at luncheon —

"Miss George, I wish you would let me put you into my cart."

Some shy impulse made her refuse — she saw Mrs. Butler looking prim and severe, and Madame de Tracy unconsciously shaking her head. It seemed very hard. Catherine nearly cried afterwards, when she woke up in the night and wondered whether Richard had thought her ungrateful. What could he think after all his kindness? why had she been so shy and foolishly reserved?

... "No, Lydia, it was William the Conqueror who came over in 1066, not Julius Caesar."

Meanwhile Richard the Conqueror, Butler Caesar, went about his business and his pleasure with feelings quite unwounded by anything Catherine could do or say; when she saw him again, he had forgotten all about her refusal, and to her delight and surprise his manner was quite unchanged and as kind as ever. What trifles she pondered over and treasured up! It was like the old German stories of twigs and dried leaves carefully counted and put away in the place of gold pieces — chance encounters — absurdities — she did not know what she was about.

Madame de Tracy, who never let go an idea, or who let it go a hundred times to return to it again and again at stray intervals, shook her head at all these chance meetings. Her departure was approaching — her vigilance would be removed — she could not bear to think of what might not happen in her absence, and she had spoken to Mrs. Butler of a scheme for appealing to Dick's own better feelings.

"My dear Matilda! I entreat you to do nothing of the sort. Dick can bear no remonstrance," Mrs. Butler cried. "I will see that all is right, and, if needs be, Miss George must go. I have a most tempting account of this German governess. Charles told me to bring Miss George to his picnic on Friday, but I think it will be as well that she should not be of the party."

Poor unconscious little Catherine! She

would have died of horror, I think, if she had guessed how quietly the secrets of her heart were discussed by unsympathetic bystanders, as she went on her way, singing her song without words. It was a foolish song, perhaps, about silly things; but the voice that sang it was clear and sweet, and true.

Charles Butler, the giver of the proposed entertainment, was one of those instances of waste of good material which are so often to be met with in the world: a tender-hearted man with few people to love him, living alone, with no nearer ties than other people's children; a man of ability who had never done anything except attend to the commonplaces of life: and these were always better arranged and controlled at Lambswold than anywhere else, for he knew what should be done and how to make other people do it, and perhaps gave an attention and effort to small things which should have gone elsewhere. It was a kindly spirit in a wrinkled, ugly, cranky old body. Charles Butler's hook nose and protruding teeth and fierce eyebrows, his contradictoriness and harsh little laugh, were crimes of nature, so to speak, for they frightened away women and children and timid people. They had frightened Charles Butler himself into mistrusting his own powers, into believing that there was something about him which must inevitably repel; they had destroyed his life, his best chance for happiness. He was a diffident man; for years he had doubted and hesitated and waited; waited for this sad lonely aching old age which had come upon him now. His little nephews and nieces, however, had learnt not to be afraid of him on a certain day in the year when it was his custom to ask them all down for the day to Lambswold in honour of his god-daughter Augusta's birthday. They often stayed there at other times, but this one day was the happiest of all, they thought. It came in midsummer with a thrill of sweetness in the air, with the song of the thrush, when the strawberry-heads were hanging full and crimson, when all the roses were flushing. Little Sarah used to say she thought Lambswold was a pink place.

It was an old-fashioned country-house, standing in the hollow of two hills, with a great slope in front and a wide plenteous world of wheat-fields, farmsteads, and straggling nut-woods to gaze at from the dining-room windows and the terrace. There were rising green meads on either side, and at the back of it kitchen-gardens, fruit-

walls, and greenhouses and farm-buildings, all in excellent order and admirably kept.

"Oh, Miss George, how sorry you must be not to come," Algy would say.

"Yes, I am very sorry," Catherine honestly answered in her child's voice; for she had not yet outgrown the golden age when all things call and beckon, and the apples and the loaves and the cakes cry, Come eat us, come eat us, and the children wandering in fairy-land reply, We come, we come. She loved cakes and apples and all good things still, and had not reached to the time when it is no penalty to be deprived of them. But she had to pay the price of her youth; and to those who are tied and bound down by circumstance, youth is often, indeed, only a blessing turned into a curse. It consumes with its own fire and tears with its own strength. And so when Catherine with a sinking heart heard them all talking over arrangements for spending a day in Paradise with the angels — so it seemed to her — and not one word was spoken to include her in the scheme; when she guessed that she was only to be left in the school-room, which represented all her enjoyment, all her hopes, her beginning and ending — then a great wave of disappointment and wishing and regretting seemed to overflow and to choke the poor little instructress of youth, the superior mind whose business in life it was to direct others and to lead the way to the calm researches of science, instead of longing childishly for the strawberries of life. But there were strawberries ripening for Catherine.

One afternoon she was with the children, crossing the road to the house; they were carrying camp-stools, work, reels, scissors, the *Heir of Redclyffe*, covered in brown paper, for reading aloud; the *Boy's Own Magazine*, *Peter Parley*, *A Squib*; Sandy, tightly clasped round the neck by Algy; a rug and various other means for passing an hour: when suddenly Catherine's eyes began to brighten as they had a trick of doing, Sandy made a gasping attempt at a bark and little Sarah rushing forward, embraced a young gentleman affectionately round the waist. He was standing on the side of the pavement, and laughing and saying, — "Do you always walk out with all this luggage?"

"We have only a very few things," said little Sarah. "Are you coming to our house? Oh, Richard, is it arranged about the picnic?"

"The carriage has not come back yet, there's nobody at home. Oh, Dick, do wait and have tea with us," cried Lydia.

"I think you might as well," Augusta said, in an aggrieved tone, — "but I suppose you won't, because we are children."

"Oh, do, do, do, do, do," said Algy, hopping about with poor Sandy, still choking, for a partner.

"I want to see my aunt and settle about Lambswold," said Richard, walking along with Miss George. "I think we shall have a fine day."

"I hope you will," Catherine answered.

"You are coming, of course?" said Dick, following them upstairs into the schoolroom.

"I am going to see my sisters," said Catherine, blushing up. She took off her bonnet as she spoke, and pushed back her black cloud of hair.

Richard thought Catherine looked much prettier, when she went upstairs, blushing still and confused, with dishevelled locks, than when she came down all neatly smoothed and trimmed a few minutes after, and sat down demurely at the tea-caddy.

Outside she may have looked prim and demure, — inside she was happier than any of the children, as she sat there with her radiant downcast eyes reflected on the teapot. Never was a guest more welcome, and more made of, than Richard at his little cousins' tea-table. He was to be waited on by them all at once; he was to have the arm-chair; he was to choose his favorite cup. He chose Algy's little old mug, to the children's screams of laughter.

"I think I shall make this my dinner," said Dick. "A slice and a half of thick bread-and-butter will be about enough — I don't want to be ungrateful for hospitality, but pray, why is it cut so very thick?"

"Don't you like it?" said Lydia, anxiously. "I will go and beg Mrs. Blustering for a small piece of cake for you."

Augusta and Miss George began to laugh, Dick said he was not accustomed to cake, and insisted upon eating his thick bread-and-butter. The children despatched theirs, and chattered and enjoyed his jokes, and so did the little governess at her tea-tray. The coachmen were, as usual, pumping in the court.

Again came the sunshine streaming through the window. Dick's hair was all brushed up, and his grey eyes were twinkling. The children's high spirits and delight were infectious; all Miss George's primness, too, seemed to have melted away; pretty little looks of expression of interest, of happiness, were coming and going in her round face. One of the golden half hours which are flying about all over the world had come

to them. They had done nothing to deserve it, but it was there.

Catherine was still presiding at her little feast, when the carriage came home with Charles Butler and the two elder ladies, who were surprised to hear unusual shouts of laughter coming from the schoolroom.

"They all seem very merry," said Mrs. Butler, stopping with her hand on the lock.

"I am certain I heard Richard's voice," said Madame de Tracy, to Charles, who was toiling up more slowly, and as Mrs. Butler opened the door, to one person within it seemed as if all the fun and the merriment, all the laughter and brightness, escaped with a rush, and left the room quite empty.

"Oh, mamma," said Lydia sighing, from contentment, "we have had such fun, Dick has been having tea with us out of Algy's old mug."

"So I perceive," said Madame de Tracy, with a glance at Catherine.

"Come in, come in," cried the children, hospitably, "do come in too."

"I think you may come upstairs to us," said their mother, after a moment's hesitation, "for our tea is ready in the drawing-room." And then somehow to Catherine, — it was like a dream — all the gay little figures disappeared, dancing off, chattering and talking still, with Sandy barking after them. The sunset was still shining in, but the beautiful glowing colours had changed to glare. Dick had risen from his place, when the two aunts entered, and he seemed to vanish away quite naturally with the rest. It was, indeed, like waking up from a happy little dream of friends' faces and brightness, and with the music of beloved voices still ringing in one's ears, to find oneself alone in the dark.

Catherine remained sitting at the tea-table, with the scraps and dregs, the crumbled bits of bread. Algy's half-eaten slice, — Lydia's cup overturned before her. She sat quite still, no one had noticed her, even Dick had gone off without saying good-by. As on that day at the studio, a swift pang came piercing through her. She felt all alone — suddenly quite alone — in a great cruel terrible world in which she was of no account, in which she was carried along against her will, feeling — oh, so strangely — helpless and impotent. She did not know what she wanted, she did not know what she feared, but she shrunk from her own self with an aching impatience.

She jumped up and ran to the window to shake her new terror off. She looked down into the yard, where the hard-working coach-

man was pumping still, and a couple of dogs were turning over and over in play. Everything was ugly, sad, desolate, that had been so gay and delightful a minute before. Utterly depressed and bewildered, the poor little thing sat down on the window-sill, and leant her weary head against the pane. Richard Butler, coming down a few minutes later, saw her through the half-open door still sitting there, a dark little figure against the light.

"Good-night, Miss George," he said, with a kind inflection in his voice, coming in and shaking her by the hand; "and thank you for your good tea." And then he went away.

He had spoken kindly; he had said something—nothing; but it was more than enough to make her happy again. As for Richard himself, he was vexed, chafed, disquieted. He had had a little talk with his aunts upstairs, which had made him indignant and angry. They had taken him to task gently enough; but all that they said jarred upon him, and stirred up secret springs of which they had no conception. He could hardly conceal his irritation as the two went on, blandly pouring out their advice from either side of the tea-table, when he asked whether Miss George was not to be of the party.

"No; I had not thought of inviting Miss George," said Mrs. Butler stiffly. "It is always doubtful in these cases . . ."

"Not to speak of the danger of mixin' the different grades of society," said Hervey, who was present, cross-legged, and looking like the Solomon who was to decide all difficulties.

"Danger," said Richard; "what possible danger can there be?"

"You had better bring her," grunted Charles. "She has got a pair of uncommon bright eyes; and I suppose there are strawberries enough for us all?"

"Or we might take down a pottle on purpose for Miss George of an inferior quality," Richard said. "I do think it is hard lines that a nice little pretty thing like that should be shut up from morning to night in a dreary little hole of a sch"—

Mrs. Butler, with a glance at Lydia, who was standing by, absorbed in the conversation, hastened to interpose.

"She is quite admirable and excellent in her own way (children, go into the back drawing-room); but, my dear Richard, there is nothing more undesirable than putting people into false positions. . . . The person of whom you speak is not *de notre classe*, and it would be but mistaken kindness."

"Precisely so," said Hervey, much pleas-

ed with the expression, "Miss George is not *de notre classe*."

"Confound *notre classe*," said Richard, hastily.

"Don't be blasphemous, Dick," said his uncle Charles.

And then, remembering that this was not the way to speak in such company, the young man stopped short, and begged Mrs. Butler's pardon.

She was pouring out small black-looking cups of tea, and looking offended with a turn-down mouth; and, indeed, the maternal autocrat was not used to such plain-talking.

"It seems to me, Richard, that you are scarcely the person to provide amusement for Miss George," she said.

"Ah, Dick," cried Madame de Tracy, giving a little shriek and forgetting her prudence; she could keep silence no longer. "Be careful, my dearest boy; do not let yourself be carried away by your feelings. I guessed—I am rapid to notice things—I have trembled ever since that day at the studio." She looked so anxious and so concerned between her frizzy curls that Dick burst out laughing.

"So this is your fine scheme? No, you have not guessed right, aunt Matilda. Poor little Miss George is not dangerous for me, but I cannot help losing my temper when I hear persons of sense using the wicked old commonplaces which have made so many people miserable, and which condemn a poor child to such a dreary, unsatisfactory mockery of existence. There, she is just as well-mannered and pretty as Georgie or Catherine; and I am not to eat a piece of bread-and-butter in her company for fear of being contaminated," cried Dick in a fume.

"Ah, my poor Dick," said Madame de Tracy, "you are unconscious, perhaps, of the sentiment; but I fear it is there."

"I am speaking from no personal feeling," cried Dick, still angry; and to Madame de Tracy at least his words carried conviction at the time. (But was it so, I wonder; and had Miss George's soft, pretty eyes nothing to do with the question?) "It is a mere sense of fairness and justice," Dick went on, "which would make me dislike to see any fellow-creature hardly used; and if I have spoken half-a-dozen words of kindness to her, it was because . . . It is no use staying any longer, I shall only offend more and more. Good-night" And then he suddenly took up his hat and went away. On his way downstairs, he relieved his mind by being even more kind than usual to a person whom he considered unjustly treated

by the world in general and his aunts in particular.

Women usually respect a man when he is angry, even when he is in the wrong, and Richard was not in the wrong. "I think for once I was mistaken," said Madame de Tracy; "and yet people are not always conscious of their own feelings. But, under the circumstances, we must take Miss George, or Dick will fancy

"Oh certainly, if you all wish it," said Mrs. Butler. "Will you have any more tea, Matilda? Now, children, what are you all about? You may go and ask Miss George to the picnic; and then come up and help me to dress."

Meanwhile Richard was walking away, biting and pulling his moustache. He went along Eaton Square until he came to the public-house at the corner of Hobart Place. There he was stopped by a crowd of children and idlers who had taken up their position on the pavement, for Mr. Punch was squeaking at the top of his voice from his pulpit, and they had all gathered round to listen to his morality. The children had already taken up their places in the stalls and were sitting in a row on the curb-stone. "Ookedookedookedoo," said Mr. Punch, "where's the babby? Throw the babby out of window."

"Dook! dere it go," cried another baby, sitting in the gutter and clapping its dirty little hands.

Richard stopped for a minute to look at Punch's antics: going on with his reflections meanwhile. It seemed to him as if the world, as it is called, was a great cruel Punch, remorselessly throwing babies and children out of window, and Miss George among the rest, while the people looked on and applauded, and Toby the philosopher sat by quite indifferent in his frill collar.

"That poor little thing," he was thinking, "her wistful, helpless glances move me with pity; was there ever a more innocent little scapegoat? Oh, those women! their talk and their assumption and suspicions make me so angry I can scarcely contain myself. *De notre classe*," and he began to laugh again, while Punch, capering and singing his song of "ookedook," was triumphantly beating the policeman about the head. "Would they think *Reine de notre classe*, I wonder?" Dick said to himself; "will it be her turn some day to be discussed and snubbed and patronized? My poor noble *Reine*" — and Richard seemed to see her pass before him, with her eager face — "is there one of them to compare to her among the dolls and lay figures *de notre*

classe?" He walked on, Punch's shrieks were following him, and ringing in his ears with the children's laughter. As he went along, the thought of *Reine* returned to him again and again, as it had done that day he walked along the sands to Tracy; again and again he was wondering what she was doing: was she in her farm superintending, was she gone on one of her many journeys along the straight and dusty roads, was she spinning flax perhaps at the open door, or reading by the dying daylight out of one of her mother's old brown books? . . . A distant echo of Punch's weird "ookedookedoo" reached him like a warning as he walked away.

The day at Lambswold was a great success the children thought. It was about twelve o'clock, when the shadows were shortest and the birds most silent, that the drag and the fly from the station came driving up the steep and into the court. Charles Butler received them all at the door, shaking hands with each as they ascended the steps. Catherine and the children had come in the fly, and the others preceded them in the drag. The house had been silent for months, and now, one instant, after the arrival, the voices were echoing in the hall, upstairs in the bedroom, the children were racing round and round, Sandy was scampering up and down. It was like one of Washington Irving's tales of the Alhambra, and of deserted halls suddenly re-peopled with the life of other days. There was a great array of muslins, and smart hats and feathers. Catherine, too, had unconsciously put out all her simple science to make herself look harmonious as it were, and in keeping with the holiday, with the summer parks, and the gardens full of flowers, with the fields through which they had been speeding, daisy-sprinkled, cool, and deeply shadowed, with cattle grazing in the sunshine; in keeping with the sky which was iridescent, azure, and gently fleeced; in keeping with her own youth and delight in its freshness. As Miss George came with her pupils, smiling, up the ancient flight of stone steps leading to the house, Charles Butler was pleased with the bright happy face he was looking down upon. It is only older people, after all, who are quite unselfish and feel the greatest pleasure in witnessing the happiness of others.

"I am very glad to see you here," he said, shaking hands with her courteously.

Mrs. Butler, who was in the hall, looked round surprised at the unusual urbanity. Catherine George herself was not surprised,

she expected everybody to be kind to-day, everything to be delightful. The pretty figure came climbing the steps, with all the landscape for a background. The sun was shining through the flying folds of her muslin draperies, it was again reflected in the burning feather in her hat. The lights shone from the dark eyes in anticipation of the happiness which was already hers. What did not she expect?—for the minute, anything, everything. Like many of us, she thought happiness was yet

to come, and behold, the guest was here beside her. Happiness is but a shy goddess, as we all know; she comes bashfully into the room, all the hearts suddenly leap and the eyes begin to brighten, but she is very apt to fly if we rush forward to embrace her. "How remarkably well Miss George is looking," said Beamish, to his future mother-in-law.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Butler, "remarkably well."

ECCLÉSIA DEI. (Strahan.) — These thoughtful views on "the place and functions of the Church in the Divine order of the Universe and its relations with the world," though not altogether new, have a charm of language and method that renders them exceedingly attractive. They resemble very closely, we cannot undertake to say whether they altogether coincide with, the tenets of the Irvingites, but there seems to be a certain originality about the details. The place of man in the universe, according to the author, is between two classes of intelligent beings, unfallen angels, whose will has always remained in harmony with that of God, and fallen spirits, who have wilfully rebelled. To the latter he owes his fall, by the former he is assisted in his restoration. This restoration consists in the reconciliation of his mind and will with the divine order, to this end should all Church organizations be directed, and they fulfil their purpose exactly in proportion to their fidelity to this object. It is possible for a congregation to attain to such spiritual insight as to realize its "communion with that fellowship of unfallen angels and of redeemed men of which the visible framework of the Church is appointed as the sign and witness," and thus to anticipate on earth the life of those further or upper worlds through which it is destined to proceed. The more the sense of this communion pervades all the Churches, the higher will the national social and family life become, until "the terrestrial condition of human spirits approaches that wherein they are now existing in the intermediate state, and the perceptions of all who have ever lived in the Mediator's realm assimilate. . . . Then the earth will be purified of all its blemishes and freed from the defects which evil has brought on it; its materialism will be refined, and the

physical structure of all human spirits will be changed into an affinity with that sphere into which they are about to be removed." We imagine that the prophetic school will highly disapprove of this gradual millenium, but that does not matter much. What is of greater consequence is that the tendency of the present age is not towards spirituality, but rather in the contrary direction. However, our author anticipates this objection by a scheme which he unfolds in the appendix for the revival of Church life, and to this, as well as to the most suggestive matter that precedes it, we invite the attention of our readers. — *Spectator*.

Either the taste for novel-reading is on the decline amongst us, or the number of three-volume novels appearing from the various publishing houses is too great for the market. At Mudie's, and the large West-end libraries, the number of each novel now "subscribed for" is only about half of the quantity usually taken five or six years ago, when novel reading was "the rage." The librarians, too, find it better to fill their shelves with standard or useful books, which, when the excitement of their birth is past, are worth at least a third of their original prices, and which, when encased in half calf, sell very readily to village or other libraries. As a rule, a three-volume novel may be purchased three months after its publication for three sixpences — rarely more than three shillings.

From the London Review.*

MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.†

FROM the concluding verses of Mr. Swinburne's new volume, we infer that most, if not all, of these poems were written some years ago, when the author was very young. We hardly know whether or not to hope that this may be so. On the one hand, it would be a relief to think that possibly the diseased state of mind out of which many of them must have issued may have passed away; on the other hand, it would be an additional pain (certainly not wanted) to suppose that such corrupt and acrid thoughts could have proceeded from the very spring and blossoming of youth. For we do not know when we have read a volume so depressing and misbegotten — in many of its constituents so utterly revolting. Mr. Swinburne, in his address to Victor Hugo, speaks of having been brought up in France; and it would seem as if he had familiarized himself with the worst circles of Parisian life, and drenched himself in the worst creations of Parisian literature (to the exclusion of the better parts of both), until he can see scarcely anything in the world, or beyond it, but lust, bitterness, and despair. Being a poet, he sees beauty also, of necessity; and this is the one redeeming feature in what would otherwise be a carnival of ugly shapes. But even the beauty of poetic expression, of which he is so great a master, cannot hide the truly horrible substratum of a large part of the present volume. The writer seems to have taken pains to shock in the highest degree, we will not say English conventional morals, but the commonest decencies of all modern lands. For the counterpart of some of his subjects we must go back to the writers of antiquity; and even in them we shall not find the jibing cynicism, the seemingly conscious revelling in the actual sense of evil, which throws such a lurid shadow over many of these pages. Mr. Swinburne deliberately selects the most depraved stories of the ancient world, and the most feculent corruptions of modern civilization, and dwells upon them with a passionate zest and long-drawn elaboration of enjoyment, which is only less shocking than the cold, sarcastic sneer with which (after the fury of sensual passion has vented itself in every form of

libidinous metaphor) he assures us that these are not only the best things in the world, but better than anything we can hope for or conceive beyond the world. The strangest and most melancholy poem is, not the *absence* of faith, but the presence of a faith which mocks at itself, and takes pleasure in its own degradation. Mr. Swinburne apparently believes in a God, for he makes use of his name with unnecessary frequency; but, quite as often as not, it is to revile him for suffering the merest riot of the senses to end in disappointment and satiety. He seems to have some idea of a heaven; but he tells us in plain language, and in several places, that it is a poor matter compared with a courtesan's caresses. He speaks of a hell, but says he would gladly encounter it for one minute's hot enjoyment. To such faith as this we prefer blank atheism. The atheist may retain his belief in human nature, in goodness, in purity, in self-sacrifice, in the progress and perfection of the world; and may move onward to the grave, in his sad hopeless way, with something of dignity and reverential awe. But a faith that laughs at itself, that insults its own deities and defiles its own temples — this is the wildest and the dreariest aberration of all. There are indeed passages in Shelley (written in his less hopeful moods) which seem to indicate that he believed at times in some malignant persecution of the human race — and these are very much to be regretted; but they are the exceptions. Dominant above them all rises the poet's faith in the natural goodness of things, in the accidental character of evil, in the undying and unquenchable aspirations of the soul after moral beauty and nobility of living. Except as a system of ethics, Shelley rejected Christianity; but he neither lowered humanity nor desecrated the world. Mr. Swinburne will at times talk in the language even of mediæval faith, and the next moment will turn round with a sort of Mephistophelian laugh, and, in effect, bid us revel like men in plague-time, for there is nothing so good either here or hereafter. And then he will fall to cursing, because delight in excess has loathing and despair for its twin brothers. This is literally the spirit of a large part of his volume; and the truly beautiful and tender things he has written in other parts, only make us regret the more the unhappy perversities by which they are accompanied. It is impossible to deny the power of such poems as "Laus Veneris," "Phædra," "Les Noyades," "Anactoria," "Fragoletta," "Faustine," "Dolores," &c; but it is equally impossible to

* The Saturday Review and other journals have strongly denounced the blasphemy and the indecency of this book. The London Review is less severe, and there is one advantage in copying it, that it does not quote passages in support of these charges.—*Living Age*.

† Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Moxon & Co.

see why they should have been written. "Anactoria" and "Dolores" are especially horrible. The first is supposed to be uttered by Sappho, and, beginning with an insane extravagance of passion, it ends in raging blasphemy. The second is a mere deification of incontinence. Both are depraved and morbid in the last degree.

We are unaffectedly sorry to be obliged to write in this manner of Mr. Swinburne's last volume. We were among the first to recognise the extraordinary genius exhibited in "Atalanta in Calydon," and again in "Chastelard"; and we hoped that whatever excess of purely animal passion they showed would be speedily toned down by deeper thought and larger experience. In both there were evidences of that hopeless mode of looking at life which Mr. Swinburne seems now to have erected into a species of faith; but in the first of those fine dramas the feeling was appropriate to a certain side of the ancient Greek nature, and in the other it harmonized with the gloomy tale which had been selected for illustration. While regretting that it had been so persistently dwelt on, we did not see any reason for concluding that it was an integral and unescapable element of the writer's genius; nor, in "Chastelard," were we disposed to make too much of the warmth of particular passages, because the tragedy with which they were associated took them out of the region of mere sensuousness, and elevated them into that of awe and wonderment. But when we find the same characteristics repeated in a third volume, and without any excuse of dramatic fitness, we are led to fear that the fault is radical, the evil deliberately chosen. We are unable any longer to refrain from noticing that which is evidently systematic, and which challenges comment by repeated iteration. We do so regretfully, for we see in these baleful extravagances the rock on which a splendid genius will assuredly be wrecked, unless it yet has strength enough to turn aside from the imminent danger. If Mr. Swinburne has any ambition of earning for himself a permanent place in English literature — an ambition which he is certainly entitled to entertain — he is doing his best to destroy all chance of ever realizing such a dream. This kind of writing is so alien to the spirit of our country that it can obtain no root in the national soil. Men may wonder at it for a time; they will cast it out and forget it in the end. The contemporary dramatists of Shakspeare have perished, except in the knowledge of a few, in consequence of the strange fascination they found in forbidden

subjects. Byron has suffered from the same cause; yet Byron was a more moderate offender than the author of these "Poems and Ballads." The fate which has overtaken others must overtake him also if he is determined to pursue this disastrous path; and we shall have to say of him as of them, that he ruined his genius for the sake of an ugly eccentricity, which is no more poetical than it is decent.

Let us turn from the worse to the better aspects of this volume. Nothing can exceed the beauty and lyrical sweetness of some of the poems; and when Mr. Swinburne sings such an exquisite measure as this, called "Itylus" — in which all the sad old story relives in pulse and passion of music — we forget the heavy reek and mire through which we have been dragged: —

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is
shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
The soft south whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy
mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I the nightingale all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,
Though all things feast in the spring's guest-chamber,
How has thou heart to be glad thereof yet?
For where thou fleest I shall not follow,
Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sing.
Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?
Thy lord the summer is good to follow,

And fair the feet of thy lover the spring :
But what wilt thou say to the spring thy
lover ?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember,
And over my head the waves have met.
But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,
Could I forget or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as the leaf of a tree ;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet ?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget ?

O sister, sister, thy first begotten !
The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
Who hath remembered me ? who hath forgotten ?
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget."

Of a higher mood, and very full of pathos
and poignant grief, is the "Ballad of Bur-
dens :"—

"The burden of fair women. Vain delight,
And love self-slain in some sweet shameful
way,
And sorrowful old age that comes by night
As a thief comes that has no heart by day,
And change that finds fair cheeks and leaves
them grey,
And weariness that keeps awake for hire,
And grief that says what pleasure used to
say ;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bought kisses. This is sore,
A burden without fruit in child-bearing ;
Between the nightfall and the dawn threescore,
Threescore between the dawn and evening.
The shuddering in thy lips, the shuddering
In thy sad eyelids tremulous like fire,
Makes love seem shameful and a wretched
thing.
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel
down,
Cover thy head and weep ; for verily
These market-men that buy thy white and
brown
In the last days shall take no thought for
thee.
In the last days like earth thy face shall be,

Yea, like sea-marsh made thick with brine and
mire,
Sad with sick leavings of the sterile sea.
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long living. Thou shalt fear
Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy bed ;
And say at night ' Would God the day were
here,'
And say at dawn ' Would God the day were
dead.'
With weary days thou shalt be clothed and
fed,
And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,
Pain for thy girle and sorrow upon thine
head ;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bright colours. Thou shalt see
Gold tarnished, and the grey above the green ;
And as the thing thou seest thy face shall be,
And no more as the thing beforetime seen.
And thou shalt say of mercy ' It hath been,'
And living watch the old lips and loves expire,
And talking, tears shall take thy breath be-
tween ;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sad sayings. In that day
Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours, and
tell
Thy times and ways and words of love, and say
How one was dear and one desirable,
And sweet was life to hear and sweet to smell :
But now with lights reverse the old hours retire,
And the last hour is shod with fire from hell ;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of fair seasons. Rain in spring,
White rain and winl among the tender trees ;
A summer of green sorrows gathering,
Rank autumn in a mist of miseries,
With sad face set toward the year, that sees
The charred ash drop out of the dropping pyre,
And winter wan with many maladies ;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of dead faces. Out of sight
And out of love, beyond the reach of hands,
Changed in the changing of the dark and light,
They walk and weep about the barren lands
Where no seed is nor any garner stands,
Where in short breaths the doubtful days re-
spire,
And times turned glass lets through the sigh-
ing sands ;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much gladness. Life and lust
Forsake thee, and the face of thy delight ;
And underfoot the heavy hour strews dust,
And overhead strange weathers burn and bite ;
And where the red was, lo the bloodless white,
And where truth was, the likeness of a liar,
And where day was, the likeness of the night ;
This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOY.

Princes, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
Heed well this rhyme before your pleasure
tire;

For life is sweet, but after life is death.
This is the end of every man's desire.

In some of the poems — as in “St. Dorothy,” “The King’s Daughter,” “After Death,” “May Janet,” “The Bloody Son,” and “The Sea Swallows” — Mr. Swinburne has imitated with singular felicity the manner and phraseology of Chaucer and the old ballad-writers. Indeed, the ballad of “The Bloody Son,” though here derived from the Finnish, bears a close resemblance to the old Scotch song, “Edward! Edward!”

Before parting with this volume, we would again beg of Mr. Swinburne to reconsider his course. The region to which we would have him confine himself is no contracted domain. It sufficed for Homer and for Shakspeare, and might surely content him. No land of prudery or simpering mock-virtue it is alive with passion and character, warm with colour, rich with the senses and the soul. If he will be true to his better genius, he may be one of the crowned singers in that Elysium of beauty, of power, and of ordered grace. If he gives himself to the guidance of his worse promptings, his path is towards chaos, and his bright commencement will set in tumult and dis-grace.

From the Spectator, 11 August.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS IN AMERICA.

It is time for Europe to glance once more at the course of American politics. Great battles have their interest when they are fought so near home, new empires seem in these days *not* to grow silently like the oaks, but rather to deafen cool observers with the roar of their sudden uprising, and it is not wonderful that, with half Europe at war and the remaining half openly doubting whether to take the field or not, American affairs should for a moment have been forgotten. Speeches in Congress are not very often pleasant reading, and the local politics of America are too unlike any of the conflicts raging in Europe, and too badly reported by the American newspapers, with

their habit of snippety comment, to excite interest here except in a very dull time. The inattention, however, though natural, must not last too long, or it may be dispelled by a very unpleasantly dramatic surprise. No event in Europe, scarcely any combination of events, could be so important to England as the renewal of the American Civil War, and of that renewal there has arisen within the last few months a very serious chance. The majority of Englishmen, misled by the *Times*, which upon American affairs is persistently in the wrong, imagine, we believe, that the States are at last settling down, that a wise and moderate President is conciliating the South and soothing away the remains of vindictiveness in the North, that the complete reunion is only prevented by the fanaticism of a small party accidentally lifted to power, and that after the next elections, which will displace this party, the Union will resume its old course of pacific progress. That is the view now accepted by moderate and “practical” men, men who have weight in clubs, and who cannot believe that an acute and commercial people, fond of getting on and proud of their external position, will ever risk their prosperity, interrupt their progress, and sacrifice their position by war for a mere idea. It is a very pleasant view, particularly to persons who want to make investments without being disturbed by unexpected national outbreaks, but we greatly fear that in this case, as in 1859, and 1861, and the spring of this year, it is a very shallow one. Nations do sometimes rise to a temper in which the “sensible” view of affairs seems to them the dishonourable one, in which they are willing to postpone present ease to a future ideal, and unless we misread the signs of the times, to that temper the American people is once more rising fast. As we pointed out twelve months ago, the faith in State rights survived the belief in State sovereignty, and the old conflict between the centralist and federal principles, which in this instance involves also the contest between the aristocratic and democratic constitution of society, once more menaces the Republic, if not with dismemberment, at least with civil war. It is the deliberate belief of many of the most experienced men in America that if the elections to be held in November terminate in favour of the President, a resort to force cannot be avoided for many weeks, and that if they do not, the Presidential election of 1868 will be the signal for a renewal of operations in the field.

The cause of the crisis now approaching is

not exactly identical with its occasion. The occasion is a quarrel between the President and the Congress, but the cause is the irrepressible conflict between the rival principles upon which society has founded itself in the North and South. The North believes that unless labour is free throughout the Union, unless every man, whatever his colour or capacity, is equal before the law, the Union cannot in the long run be preserved intact. It will be rent asunder by difference alike of interests and civilization. During the war this belief, always latent with speculative persons and openly expressed by a small and aggressive party, became the fixed idea among a majority of the freeholders, and they believed that in abolishing slavery they had secured its permanent application. So also, we suspect, thought the South for the first few months, and thence their apparent acquiescence in the results of the war. They had fought well, they had been beaten, and, "like honest gamblers," to use the expression of one of their own leaders, they "must pay their stakes." So strong indeed was their belief that the war had overturned their society, that for months the great planters considered whether it would not after all be advisable to give their negroes votes, and so retain their ascendancy in the State Legislatures over the poorer whites. Landlordism was not so pleasant an institution as slavery, but still it was a great deal better for landlords than political equality or political subjugation. These ideas, however, were of short duration. The poorer whites, who had fought to retain the privileges of caste, were not so moderate as the great planters, and the moment the direct pressure of force was relaxed they resumed their ancient position, their hostility at once to free labour and the Northern population. Laws were passed in every State intended to bind the negro to the soil. "Yankee" settlers were first sent to Coventry, then menaced, and then attacked, till they are calling in almost every State for military protection; the negroes were threatened, and flogged, and shot till freedom seemed to them a mockery; and a determined demand was made for readmission into the central Legislature, a demand supported by all in the North who still sympathized either with slavery or State rights. The representatives of the North, startled to find their dream of universal free labour thus dispelled, and irritated almost beyond reasonable bounds at the hatred expressed by the South — "unfriendliness," as they call it, always hurts Americans to a degree our thicker-skinned country-

men scarcely understand — after many attempts at conciliation, and a close examination of all official reports on the state of Southern feeling, gradually settled down on a remarkable ultimatum. As the South would not have free labour or submit to the political results of the war, among which are the creation of a considerable debt, and heavy taxation to pay for it, the South should not be supreme. Either it should enfranchise the slaves politically as well as socially by giving them votes, or it should enter the Union without representatives calculated on the basis of the black population, that is, should lose one-third of its roll. The South would, we believe, have submitted to the second proposal, trusting to its democratic allies and its own habit of leadership for ultimate supremacy, but that it found an unexpected ally. The President went over to the South. Whether Mr. Johnson was actuated mainly by early prepossessions, as we should imagine, or moved by the courtship of men who had been his social superiors, as the Liberals assert, or had always intended treachery, as a few Abolitionists appear in their irritation to believe, is nothing to our present purpose. He went over to the South, declared that it had never been out of the Union, claimed readmission for its representatives on the basis of the old law with no condition other than the abolition of slavery, and handed the black population back to be dealt with by the white legislatures without restrictions except against open and unmistakable sale. The South, at first half stupefied with surprise, soon rallied as a "unit" to this new leader, the Democrats gave him a determined support, and all the place-hunters, all the Irish, and most of the devotees of State rights, followed suit, and it seemed for a moment possible that the results of the war would be at once reduced to nothing.

Fortunately for freedom, the Liberals, after a desperate attempt, pushed a great deal too far, in our opinion, to make a compromise with the President, resolved to remain firm. They passed the Bills necessary to protect the freedmen over the President's head, and by incessant speeches, pamphlets, and leaders strove to arouse in the mass of the people a sense of the terrible importance of the issue submitted to their decision, of the completeness with which the President was undoing the work of the war. Of course during the contest they got bitter and made speeches which polite society very properly pronounces "grossly wanting in taste," and of course also they grew, as

popular assemblies when once excited always do grow, unreasonably suspicious. It is not likely, for instance, that the President connived at Fenianism in order to retain the command of an armed and democratic organization, or probable that he intended to let soldiers into the Capitol before the November elections had been taken. Those suspicions, widely as they are repeated, are merely signs that men's minds have "grown electric." On the other hand, the President, elated to find that a party in his favour had grown up in every State, and that the South looked to him as a Moses, grew bolder and bolder in his denunciations, till at last he permitted his Cabinet to threaten the use of force. It was intimated in so many words by Mr. Seward that "unless the South were admitted this Congress would never re-assemble," and the sentence, rightly or wrongly, was interpreted to mean this: if the elections in November gave the Democrats an increase of numbers, the President would admit the Southern representatives to the Capitol, declare them and the Democrats the only true Congress, and protect them in case of resistance by military force. So convinced was the Liberal party of the reality of this danger, that it first attempted to avoid an adjournment of Congress, and when this seemed impossible, the members being determined to meet their constituents, appointed a sort of vigilance committee, and proposed to transfer the contents of the Federal arsenals to States which could be relied on not to join the South. They at the same time announced their intention, if a "Southern" Congress were called, to resist its meeting by force as a renewal of the rebellion, to march the militia of loyal States upon Washington to protect their own deliberations, and in the end, should the struggle terminate in their favour, to impeach and depose the President.

We do not desire to exaggerate the danger of a struggle which we should deeply deplore, but we confess we believe it to be most serious. The President is now left alone for six months, surrounded by Democrats wild with the bitterness begotten of a two years' conflict and Southerners who have regained their energy, with power to change every official under his Government and to make any military dispositions which to him may seem expedient. His treasury is full, his supporters are very numerous, and he may at the elections obtain a verdict which will convince him, very erroneously, that half the nation is on his side. Great masses of the population are still un-

convinced that civil war is among the possibilities, and the insane protectionism of the Republicans, or rather of the New England Republicans, alienates the West. Had Mr. Morrill's last Bill been carried the result might have been most disastrous to freedom, the West refusing in its wrath at excessive taxation to support the New-England leaders; but fortunately it was thrown out in the Senate, whose policy is not so completely swayed by the great associations of labour. The elections may therefore result in a vote which will convince Mr. Johnson that he has mistaken the national will, but the free-trade controversy has left irritation, the people are still not fully awake, the patronage is in the President's hands, and the result is still so doubtful as to alarm men who know how envenomed the bitterness between the two parties has once again become. We trust, and in part believe, that they are mistaken, that the freeholders intend once more to assert themselves as the ultimate ruling class; but if they are right, and if the President recognizes a Congress of Democrats and Southerners united, God help this generation of Americans! for the struggle will be beside every hearth. The Liberals cannot submit, cannot see the result of a great war cancelled, and the Legislature remodelled by the act of the Executive alone, without an appeal which it will be impossible to confine either to votes or words.

NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS.

AN English paper thinks it a "sad speculation" that "out of five hundred daily papers started in New York in the last quarter of a century, only five survive." With the usual inaccuracy of English journalism, when American subjects are under discussion, the writer makes two blunders in his statement. In the first place, five hundred daily papers have not been started in New York, and in the second place, more than five that have appeared within the past twenty-five years still survive.

There are now published in this city seventeen daily journals — namely: the *Sun*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, *World*, *Journal of Commerce*, *EVENING POST*, *Commercial Advertiser*, *Express*, *News*, *Transcript*, *Staats Zeitung*, *New Yorker*, *Demokrat*, *Abend-Zeitung*, *New York Journal* (the last four being Ger-

man), *Courrier des Etats-Unis* and *Le Messager Franco-Américain*. Of these, nine are less than twenty-five years old; one (the *Tribune*) has just passed its twenty fifth year; and the ages of the others vary from twenty to seventy-two years. The oldest papers in the city are the *EVENING POST* and the *Commercial Advertiser*—their respective ages being sixty-five and seventy-two years. The youngest is the *World*, now in its sixth volume. Another daily morning Journal is talked of, which, if it should appear, will take the place of the *World* as the infant of the tribe.

The strength of the foreign population of New York is strikingly indicated by the support given to no less than six daily journals published in the German and French languages; besides one weekly in Italian, the *Eco d'Italia*, and other issues in various tongues, which appear weekly, semi-weekly or monthly. All these papers make a living, and get some degree of profit.

Among the dead papers are the so-called "funny" journals—the *Lantern*, *John Donkey*, *Momus*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Mrs. Grundy*—all having made great but exceedingly unsuccessful efforts to live, by being "as funny as they could." We do not hear of any ambitious person who is anxious to try the experiment again. The class of humorous journals in New York to-day is represented by the *Phunniest of Phun*, the *Comic Monthly*, &c.—papers which are often happy in the wit of sharp and timely caricatures, political or otherwise, but whose literary character and typographical appearance are execrable.

Several daily papers, like Slamm's *Plebian* and the *True Sun* (the latter started in "opposition to the shop over the way"), had a brief and unprofitable existence, and were followed to their graves by sundry serious mourners of like stripe; but the Englishman's assertion that four hundred and ninety-five of these unhappy papers have been born and died since 1840 is ridiculous. Perhaps there have been a dozen of them, all told. There is no question, however, concerning the mortality which has prevailed among the weeklies and monthlies. For instance, the *Saturday Press* has been twice born and has twice died; Duyckinck's *Literary World* failed years ago, when it should have been given a cordial and ample support, for it was the most creditable enterprise of its kind we have had; the *Century*; and a score of papers, better or worse than these, have died out—usually after a very brief existence—and are forgotten. Nor have the magazines fared much better—witness the *United*

States, the *Continental*, *Putnam's*, the *International*, and nearly all the others but *Harper's*, which flourishes more and more every year, and the *Galaxy*, which is just getting upon its legs, and has the merit of being "alive," if not of dealing very heavy blows.

Our present type of the literary journal is found in the *Nation* and the *Round Table*—both young; the former staid and respectful, the latter vehement and sometimes flip-pant. Neither is equal to the average weekly literary journals of London—such as the *Spectator*, *Review*, or *Athenæum*: and there is no paper in New York which fills the place occupied in England by *Public Opinion*. The New-York papers devoted to specialities are good of their kind—the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the *Stockholder* and the *Underwriter* in Wall Street; the *Scientific American* and the journals in mining interests for mechanical and inventive readers; the English and German police papers for the people who like stories of horrible crimes, not romantic but real, and illustrated by the most startling kind of coarse wood cuts; and Bonner's *Ledger* and half a dozen "story-papers" for the circulation of the cheap "sensational" novels. In the higher class of literary journals we are unfortunately deficient, and are likely to remain so.

The religious press of the city is not only numerous but flourishing. The *Independent* represents the advanced opinions of the Congregational Church, as the *Christian Inquirer* mirrors that of the Unitarians; the *Observer* clings to conservative Old School Presbyterianism, and the *Evangelist* to the New School; the *Examiner and Chronicle* is the excellent mouthpiece of the Baptists, the *Christian Advocate and Journal* and the *Methodist* of the Methodists, and the *Churchman* and *Church Journal* of the Episcopalians. The Jews have their organ; the Roman Catholics theirs. The Mormons had one a few years ago, but it died.

There are periods in the history of New York when a new paper finds supporters ready to receive it—as, for instance, when the *Times* appeared in 1851 it was greedily seized by many thousands of persons who accepted it as a sort of compromise between the extreme of the *Tribune* and the *Herald*. Whether or not the verdict upon these journals was correct then, is a question not under discussion now, but the fact remains that the *Times* sprang at once into a prominent place in New York journalism, and soon obtained a large and profitable circulation with much smaller outlays of capital than would be required of any similar en-

terprise started in these days. The *Tribune* began with a borrowed capital of \$1,000; the *Times* had \$100,000 of which it sunk barely two-thirds before receiving a return; the *World* swallowed two or three fortunes, and has changed hands two or three times. The capital required to-day to start a daily morning journal in New York with any prospect of success is at least \$250,000 and if the sum were 500,000 the better the chance. Probably of the one hundred and seventy papers — daily, semi-weekly, weekly and monthly — now published in the city, one eighth are making fortunes for their owners, a quarter are getting on comfortably, another quarter are able to "make both ends meet," and the remainder gasp — *N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE PETTY SOVEREIGNS OF GERMANY.

RECENT events in Germany may be productive of some problems in our social system. The King of Hanover may, under certain contingencies, lose his throne. He may therefore return to this country, resume his rank as Duke of Cumberland, and descend from the heights of sovereign ruler to become a junior member of our royal family. The circumstance of the succession to the throne of Hanover by the late Duke of Cumberland has left open a question of precedence and dignity amongst those descending from a royal stock. The children of the King of Hanover are the only members of our royal family in the fourth generation from the sovereign. It is a matter of doubt what would be their title and precedence. The act of Henry VIII. regulating precedence gives rank only to such of the royal family as are sons, brothers, uncles, grandsons or nephews of the sovereign. The eldest son of a Duke of the blood royal takes rank after Dukes, and the younger sons after earls, by tables of precedence

dating respectively 1399 and 1485. They certainly are not entitled to the qualification of Royal Highness. In fact, that appellation was never even given to the grandson of a sovereign until the marriage of the late Duke of Gloucester to the daughter of George III. Previously his qualification had been simply 'His Highness.'

Perhaps the eldest son of the present Duke of Cumberland would be entitled to the prefix, together with the title of 'Prince;' but the title of the younger sons would be that only of 'Lord George' or 'Lord Henry,' like the sons of any other Duke. On the death of the present Duke of Cumberland his eldest son would succeed to his dukedom, taking rank amongst Dukes only according to the date of his patent. The younger sons would remain as they were, and their children would degenerate into plain Esquires, presenting the anomaly of untitled persons who are nevertheless in the succession to the throne. The late Duke of Coburg, father to the Prince Consort, never, till the marriage of his son with the Queen, assumed any style but that of 'Serene Highness,' since then the 'Royal Highness' has been twice conferred by her Majesty — once on Prince Louis of Hesse, and more recently on Prince Christian.

While the right of her Majesty to confer such title is unquestioned, it is clear that the title confers no rank. In fact, Prince Christian, except by courtesy, will enjoy no precedence whatever in England; nor will his children have any legal status in this country except as Esquires. The same may be said of the Prince of Teck and his children, whose precedence in this country will rest solely on the grounds of courtesy and hospitality. A Princess of England, though she transmits a right of succession, can confer no interim advantage of precedence or degree. Amongst many conventional errors none is so great as that of styling the Princess Mary, Princess Mary of Cambridge. Had her father never been created Duke of Cambridge, her Royal Highness would still have been Princess Mary of Great Britain — her real appellation. — *Owl*.